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AN ENGLISH HERITAGE—II

By WENTWORTH HILL, M.A.

GOLDEN HOURS OF ENGLISH POETRY

THE LAND OF ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE

THE LAND OF MANY DELIGHTS

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE THROUGH THE AGES

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN THROUGH THE AGES

THE BRITISH EMPIRE THROUGH THE AGES

AN ENGLISH HERITAGE



BY
WENTWORTH
HILL · M · A



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PREFACE

ALL who are concerned for true education will agree that it is of fundamental importance to awaken and foster in youthful minds a love for our magnificent heritage of English Literature. Very wisely do such Reports as *The Teaching of English in England*, *The Education of the Adolescent*, etc., stress over and over again the value and the necessity of training pupils to read widely, and to cultivate the literary taste and discrimination which will enable them to recognise and enjoy writing which has true merit.

Fortunately, many complete books by notable authors are found in our schools to-day. But time is limited, and the number of complete books which can be read through in school is limited too. It is good that scholars shall read some complete works of Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, George Eliot, Stevenson, and Marryat; but what of the others with whom they should be brought into contact? We cannot ignore the genius of Charlotte Brontë or the majesty of Milton; the stately eloquence of Macaulay or the terse vigour of Bunyan; the magical romance of William Morris or the virile prose of Conrad; the gentle grace of Lamb or the rollicking humour of Jacobs or Jerome; the earth-worship of Jefferies or the spell of Hudson.

A collection of worthy extracts from our greatest and our most attractive writers must thus remain a necessity in our schools; especially for those pupils who, after passing the first stage of laborious learning to read, or of having passages read to them, demand full scope and guidance for their selective and critical faculties.

Such a collection is provided by the four books of *An English Heritage*, with the additional introductory volume, *The Land of Romance and Adventure*. In selecting the extracts, every effort has been made to include only that which is of permanent value, and which may serve, by creating a well-informed general knowledge of books and their writers, to point the way to the Paradise of Literature. The books are carefully graded, both in the subjects and difficulty of the extracts, and in the exercises. The need for humour and the saving grace of laughter has not been overlooked. The majority of the extracts are prose, but much fine verse, including one long poem in each book, is included. Each extract is long enough to tell a complete

tale, and at the same time to be representative of the author's work.

Much care has been taken in compiling the Exercises. Their great aim is to develop the scholar's powers, not only of reading, but also of recognising and appreciating varying forms of literary skill and beauty. The second section in each set is designed to give a mastery of linguistic and grammatical form. Many of the questions are sufficiently easy to be answered by all normal pupils; but some in each set are more searching and afford scope for the more capable.

It is hoped and believed that the extracts in *An English Heritage* will fire many scholars to read the books from which they are taken. To facilitate this, a list of books is given at the end of each volume. Thus gradually, perhaps unconsciously, will the readers come to realise the truth of Milton's dictum :

" A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit."

For permission to print the following extracts and poems, grateful thanks are due to these publishers, authors, and owners of copyright :

Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, for *The Boy and Hushwing*, from *Kindred of the Wild*.

Mr. John Murray, Messrs. A. P. Watt & Son, and the author, for *The Franklin's Maid*, by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

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Messrs. Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd., for *New Formosa*, from *Bevis*, by Richard Jefferies.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who, at the time of first publication of *Recessional*, generously stated that copyright was not reserved.

W. H.

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ADRIAN HILL

AN ENGLISH HERITAGE

II

THE BOY AND HUSHWING

— CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS —

Charles G. D. Roberts, a distinguished Canadian author, has written several volumes of stories about animals and birds. They are all marked by a vast knowledge of the habits of wild creatures, and still more by the power of interpreting their minds. Among his absorbingly interesting volumes may be mentioned *The Kindred of the Wild* (from which the story given here is taken), *The Feet of the Furtive*, *Haunters of the Silences*, and *Watchers of the Trails*.

A HOLLOW, booming, ominous cry, a great voice of shadowy doom, rang out suddenly and startled the dark edges of the forest. It sounded across the glimmering pastures, vibrating the brown-violet dusk, and made the lame old woman in the cabin on the other side of the clearing shiver with vague fears.

But not vague was the fear which shook the soul of the red squirrel where he crouched, still for once in his restless life, in the crotch of a thick spruce-top. Not vague was the fear of the brooding grouse in the far-off withe-wood thicket, though the sound came to her but dimly and she knew that the menace of it was not, at the moment, for her. And least vague of all was the terror of the usually unterrified weasel, from whose cruel little eyes the red flame of the blood-lust faded suddenly, as the glow dies out of a coal; for the dread voice sounded very close to him, and it

required all his nerve to hold himself rigidly motionless and to refrain from the start which would have betrayed him to his death.

"*Whoo-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo!*" boomed the call again, seeming to come from the tree-tops, the thickets, the sky, and the earth, all at once, so that creatures many hundred yards apart trembled simultaneously, deeming that the clutch of fate was already at their necks. But to the Boy, as he let down the pasture bars with a clatter and turned the new-milked cows in among the twilight-coloured hillocks, the sound brought no terror. He smiled as he said to himself: "There's Hushwing again at his hunting. I must give him a taste of what it feels like to be hunted." Then he strolled across the pasture between the black stumps, the blueberry patches, the tangles of wild raspberry; pushed softly through the fringe of wild cherry and young birch saplings, and crept, soundless as a snake, under the branches of a low-growing hemlock. Peering out from this covert he could see, rising solitary at the back of an open glade, the pale and naked trunk of a pine tree, which the lightning had shattered.

The Boy's eyes were keen as a fish-hawk's, and he kept them fixed upon the top of the pine trunk. Presently it seemed as if the spirit of the dusk took shadowy form for an instant. There was a soundless sweeping of wings down the glade, and the next moment the pine trunk looked about two feet taller in the Boy's eyes. The great horned owl—"Hushwing," the Boy had christened him, for the ghostly silence of his flight—had returned to his favourite post of observation, whereon he stood so erect and motionless that he seemed a portion of the pine trunk itself.

The Boy lay still as a watching lynx, being minded to spy on Hushwing at his hunting. A moment more,

and then came again that hollow summons : *Whoo-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo!* and the great owl turned his head to listen as the echo floated through the forest.

The Boy heard, a few paces distant from him, the snap of a twig where a startled hare stirred clumsily. The sound was faint ; indeed so faint that he was hardly sure whether he heard or imagined it ; but to the wonderfully wide and sensitive drum of the owl's ear it sounded sharply away down at the foot of the glade. Ere the Boy could draw a second breath he saw great wings hovering at the edge of the thicket close at hand. He saw big, clutching talons outstretched from thick-feathered legs, while round eyes, fiercely gleaming, flamed upon his in passing as they searched the bush. Once the great wings backed off, foiled by some obstruction which the Boy could not see. Then they pounced with incredible speed. There was a flapping and a scuffle, followed by a loud squeak ; and Hushwing winnowed off down the glade bearing the limp form of the hare in his talons. He did not stop at the pine trunk, but passed on toward the deeper woods.

"He's got a mate and a nest 'way back in the cedar swamp, likely," said the Boy, as he got up, stretched his cramped limbs, and turned his face homeward. As he went, he schemed with subtle woodcraft for the capture of the wary old bird. He felt impelled to try his skill against the marauder's inherited cunning and suspicion ; and he knew that, if he should succeed, there would remain Hushwing's yet fiercer and stronger mate to care for the little owlets in the nest.

When Hushwing had deposited his prey beside the nest, in readiness for the next meal of his ever-hungry nestlings, he sailed off again for a hunt on his own account. Now it chanced that a rare visitor, a wanderer from the cliffy hills which lay many miles

back of Hushwing's cedar swamp, had come down that day to see if there might not be a sheep or a calf to be picked up on the outskirts of the settlements. It was years since a panther had been seen in that neighbourhood—it was years, indeed, since that particular panther had strayed from his high fastnesses, where game was plentiful and none dared poach on his preserves. But just now a camp of hunters on his range had troubled him seriously and scattered his game. Gnawing his heart with rage and fear, he had succeeded so far in evading their noisy search, and had finally come to seek vengeance by taking tribute of their flocks. He had traversed the cedar swamp, and emerging upon the wooded uplands he had come across a cowpath leading down to the trampled brink of a pond.

“Here,” he thought to himself, “will the cattle come to drink, and I will kill me a yearling heifer.” On the massive horizontal limb of a willow which overhung the trodden mire of the margin he stretched himself to await the coming of the quarry. A thick-leaved beech bough, thrusting in among the willow branches, effectually concealed him. Only from above was he at all visible, his furry ears and the crown of his head just showing over the leafage.

The aerial path of Hushwing, from his nest in the swamp to his watch-tower on the clearing's edge, led him past the pool and the crouching panther. He had never seen a panther, and he had nothing in his brain-furnishing to fit so formidable a beast. On chance, thinking perhaps to strike a mink at his fishing on the pool's brink, he sounded his *Whoo-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo!* as he came near. The panther turned his head at the sound, rustling the leaves, over which appeared his furry ear-tips. The next instant, to his rage and astonishment, he received a smart blow on the top of his head, and sharp claws tore the tender



ERNEST ARS.

*"To his rage and astonishment, he received a smart blow
on the top of his head."*

skin about his ears. With a startled snarl he turned and struck upward with his armed paw, a lightning stroke, at the unseen assailant.

But he struck the empty air. Already was Hushwing far on his way, a gliding ghost. He was puzzled over the strange animal which he had struck; but while his wits were yet wondering, those miracles of sensitiveness, those living telephone films which served him for ears, caught the scratching of light claws on the dry bark of a hemlock some ten paces aside from his line of flight. Thought itself could hardly be more silent and swift than was his turning. The next moment his noiseless wings overhung a red squirrel, where it lay flattened to the bark in the crotch of the hemlock. Some dream of the hunt or the flight had awakened the little animal to an unseasonable activity and betrayed it to its doom. There was a shrill squeal as those knife-like talons met in the small, furry body; then Hushwing carried off his supper to be eaten comfortably upon his watch-tower.

Meanwhile the Boy was planning the capture of the wise old owl. He might have shot the bird easily, but wanton slaughter was not his object, and he was no partisan as far as the wild creatures were concerned. All the furtive folk, fur and feather alike, were interesting to him, even dear to him in varying degrees. He had no grudge against Hushwing for his slaughter of the harmless hare and grouse, for did not the big marauder show equal zest in the pursuit of mink and weasel, snake and rat? Even toward that embodied death, the malignant weasel, indeed, the Boy had no antagonism, making allowance as he did for the inherited bloodlust which drove the murderous little animal to defy all the laws of the wild kindred and kill, kill, kill, for the sheer delight of killing. The Boy's purpose now in planning the capture of Hush-

wing was, first of all, to test his own woodcraft ; and, second, to get the bird under his close observation. He had a theory that the big horned owl might be tamed so as to become an interesting and highly instructive pet. In any case, he was sure that Hushwing in captivity might be made to contribute much to his knowledge—and knowledge, firsthand knowledge, of all the furtive kindred of the wild, knowledge such as the text-books on natural history which his father's library contained could not give him, was what he continually craved.

On the following afternoon the Boy went early to the neighbourhood of Hushwing's watch-tower. At the edge of a thicket, half concealed, but open toward the dead pine trunk, was a straggling colony of low blueberry bushes. Where the blueberry bushes rose some eight or ten inches above the top of a decaying birch stump he fixed a snare of rabbit wire. To the noose he gave a diameter of about a foot, supporting it horizontally in the tops of the bushes just over the stump. The cord from the noose he carried to his hiding-place of the previous evening, under the thick-growing hemlock. Then he went home, did up some chores upon which he depended for his pocket-money, and arranged with the hired man to relieve him for that evening of his duty of driving the cows back to pasture after the milking. Just before the afternoon began to turn from brown amber to rose and lilac, he went back to the glade of the pine trunk. This time he took with him the body of one of the big gray rats which infested his father's grain-bins. The rat he fixed securely upon the top of the stump among the blueberry bushes, exactly under the centre of the snare. Then he broke off the tops of a berry bush, tied the stubs together loosely, drew them over, ran the string once around the stump, and carried the end of

the string back to his hiding-place beside the cord of the snare. Pulling the string gently, he smiled with satisfaction to hear the broken twigs scratch seductively on the stump, like the claws of a small animal. Then he lay down, both cords in his hand, and composed himself to a season of patient waiting.

He had not long to wait, however ; for Hushwing was early at his hunting that night. The Boy turned away his scrutiny for just one moment, as it seemed to him ; but when he looked again there was Hushwing at his post, erect, apparently part of the pine trunk. Then—*Whoo-hoo-hoo-who'o-oo!* sounded his hollow challenge, though the sunset colour was not yet fading in the west. Instantly the Boy pulled his string ; and from the stump among the blueberry bushes came a gentle scratching, as of claws. Hushwing heard it. Lightly, as if blown on a soft wind, he was at the spot. He struck. His great talons transfixed the rat. His wings beat heavily as he strove to lift it, to bear it off to his nestlings. But what a heavy beast it was, to be sure ! The next moment the noose of rabbit wire closed inexorably upon his legs. He loosed his grip upon the rat and sprang into the air, bewildered and terrified. But his wings would not bear him the way he wished to go. Instead, a strange, irresistible force was drawing him, for all the windy beating of his pinions, straight to an unseen doom in the heart of a dense-growing hemlock.

A moment more and he understood his discomfiture and the completeness of it. The Boy stood forth from his hiding-place, grinning ; and Hushwing knew that his fate was wholly in the hands of this master being, whom no wild thing dared to hunt. Courageous to the last, he hissed fiercely and snapped his sharp beak in defiance ; but the Boy drew him down, muffled wing, beak, and talons in his heavy

homespun jacket, bundled him under his arm, and carried him home in triumph.

"You'll find the rats in our oat-bins," said he, "fatter than any weasel in the wood, my Hushwing."

The oat-bins were in a roomy loft at one end of the wood-shed. The loft was lighted by a large square window in the gable, arranged to swing back on hinges like a door, for convenience in passing the bags of grain in and out. Besides three large oat-bins, it contained a bin for barley, one for buckwheat, and one for bran. The loft was also used as a general store-house for all sorts of stuff that would not keep well in a damp cellar; and it was a very paradise for rats. From the wood-shed below admittance to the loft was gained by a flight of open board stairs and a spacious trap-door.

Mounting these stairs and lifting the trap-door, the boy carefully undid the wire noose from Hushwing's feathered legs, avoiding the keen talons which promptly clutched at his fingers. Then he unrolled the coat, and the big bird, flapping his wings eagerly, soared straight for the bright square of the window. But the sash was strong; and the glass was a marvel which he had never before encountered. In a few moments he gave up the effort, floated back to the duskiest corner of the loft, and settled himself, much disconcerted, on the back of an old haircloth sofa which had lately been banished from the sitting-room. Here he sat immovable, only hissing and snapping his formidable beak when the Boy approached him. His heart swelled with indignation and despair; and, realising the futility of flight, he stood at bay. As the Boy moved around him he kept turning his great horned head as if it were on a pivot, without changing the position of his body; and his round, golden eyes, with their piercing black pupils, met those of his captor with an

unflinching directness beyond the nerve of any four-footed beast, however mighty, to maintain. The daunting mastery of the human gaze, which could prevail over the gaze of the panther or the wolf, was lost upon the tameless spirit of Hushwing. Noting his courage, the Boy smiled approval and left him alone to recover his equanimity.

The Boy, as days went by, made no progress whatever in his acquaintance with his captive, who steadfastly met all his advances with defiance of hissings and snapping beak. But by opening the bins and sitting motionless for an hour or two in the twilight the Boy was able to make pretty careful study of Hushwing's method of hunting. The owl would sit a long time unstirring, the gleam of his eyes never wavering. Then suddenly he would send forth his terrifying cry,—and listen. Sometimes there would be no result. At other times the cry would come just as some big rat, grown over-confident, was venturing softly across the floor or down into the toothsome grain. Startled out of all common sense by that voice of doom at his ear, he would make a desperate rush for cover. There would be a scrambling on the floor or a scurrying in the bin. Then the great, dim wings would hover above the sound. There would be a squeak, a brief scuffle ; and Hushwing would float back downily to devour his prey on his chosen perch, the back of the old haircloth sofa.

For a fortnight the Boy watched him assiduously, spending almost every evening in the loft. At length came an evening when not a rat would stir abroad, and Hushwing's hunting-calls were hooted in vain. After two hours of vain watching the Boy's patience gave out, and he went off to bed, promising his prisoner a good breakfast in the morning to compensate him for the selfish prudence of the rats. That same night, while every one in the house slept soundly, it

chanced that a thieving squatter from the other end of the settlement came along with a bag, having designs upon the well-filled oat-bins.

The squatter knew where there was a short and handy ladder leaning against the tool-house. He had always been careful to replace it. He also knew how to lift, with his knife, the iron hook which fastened—but did not secure—the gable window on the inside. To-night he went very stealthily, because, though it was dark, there was no wind to cover the sound of his movements. Stealthily he brought the ladder and raised it against the gable of the loft. Noiselessly he mounted, carrying his bag, till his bushy, hatless head was just on a level with the window-sill. Without a sound, as he imagined, his knife-edge raised the hook—but there *was* a sound, the ghost of a sound, and the marvellous ear of Hushwing heard it. As the window swung back the thief's bushy crown appeared just over the sill. "*Whoo-h'oo-oo!*" shouted Hushwing, angry and hungry, swooping at the seductive mark. He struck it fair and hard, his claws gashing the scalp, his wings dealing an amazing buffet.

Appalled by the cry and the stroke, the sharp clutch, the great smother of wing, the rascal screamed with terror, lost his hold, and fell to the ground. Nothing was further from his imagination than that his assailant should be a mere owl. It was rather some kind of a grossly inconsistent hobgoblin that he thought of, sent to punish him for the theft of his neighbour's grain. Leaving the ladder where it fell, and the empty bag beside it, he ran wildly from the haunted spot, and never stopped till he found himself safe inside his shanty door. As for Hushwing, he did not wait to investigate this second mistake of his, but made all haste back to his nest in the swamp.

The frightened outcry of the thief awoke the sleepers

in the house, and presently the Boy and his father came with a lantern to find out what was the matter. The fallen ladder, the empty bag, the open window of the loft, told their own story. When the Boy saw that Hushwing was gone, his face fell with disappointment. He had grown very fond of his big, irreconcilable, dauntless captive.

“We owe Master Hushwing a right good turn this night,” said the Boy’s father, laughing. “My grain’s going to last longer after this, I’m thinking.”

“Yes,” sighed the Boy. “Hushwing has earned his freedom. I suppose I mustn’t bother him any more with snares and things.”

Meanwhile, the great horned owl was sitting erect on the edge of his nest in the swamp, one talon transfixing the torn carcass of a mink, while his shining eyes, round like little suns, shone happily upon the big-headed, ragged-feathered, hungry brood of owlets at his feet.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. C. G. D. Roberts is one of the foremost writers about animals and birds. He is a Canadian, and grew up to know and understand the “creatures of the wild.” But he has a gift greater even than that of knowledge, a wonderful sympathy for them and a power to enter into their feelings and thoughts. All his stories—and he has written many volumes—are remarkably interesting. You will find in the list of books given at the end of this volume the titles of several of his books. Read them all if possible.

2. Notice the breathless interest of this story, due partly to the tale itself and partly to the skilful writing.

3. The beginning and the end of the story are both very striking. "*A hollow, booming, ominous cry, a great voice of shadowy doom, rang out suddenly. . . .*" We are gripped at once. Certain writers have this power of seizing the reader's attention from the first line. Dickens is one of these. His opening sentences are usually very striking. Look up, for example, the opening lines of *A Christmas Carol* and *A Tale of Two Cities*.

Search for other fine openings, and make notes on them.

4. The close of this story is excellent. It is strange and unexpected. Do you think it is a suitable ending? Give reasons.

5. What evidences of the author's deep knowledge of the life and habits of wild creatures are to be found in this story?

6. Write in your own words an account of the way in which the Boy caught Hushwing.

7. Who do you think the Boy may have been? [He appears in other stories, e.g., *Babes of the Wild* and *The House in the Water*.] Why do you think this?

8. It has been said that man is the craftiest of all animals. What do you think of this statement?

9. What touches in this story show that the scene is not laid in England?

10. Give in your own words the Boy's feelings with regard to Hushwing.

11. Notice the splendid pictures of the great owl (*a*) in captivity, dauntless to the end; (*b*) at the close, triumphantly free. Write from memory a picture in each case, afterwards comparing with the original.

12. Write an original story about an eagle.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Use your dictionary to find the meaning of : *Ominous, vibrating, glimmering, crotch, rigidly, simultaneously, sensitive, marauder, evading, traversed, massive, effectively, partisan.*
2. Explain more fully :
 - “ *But not vague was the fear that shook the soul of the red squirrel.* ”
 - “ *Creatures many hundred yards apart trembled simultaneously, deeming that the clutch of fate was already at their necks.* ”
 - “ *He schemed with subtle woodcraft for the capture of the wary old bird.* ”
 - “ *Those miracles of sensitiveness, those living telephone films which served him for ears . . .* ”
 - “ *All the furtive folk, fur and feather alike, were interesting to him.* ”
3. Condense to about a quarter of their length :
 - (a) The account of the capture.
 - (b) The account of Hushwing in captivity.
 - (c) The account of the bird's escape.
4. Notice the author's excellent use of Adjectives : *A hollow, booming, ominous cry ; the usually untterrified weasel from whose cruel eyes the red flame of the blood-lust faded.* Select six other examples.
5. What is a Simile ? Make a list of the Similes in this extract.
6. Notice that the last paragraph is one long sentence. Break this up into four sentences. Read these over aloud, and notice that the effect is weaker. When is the short sentence specially suitable ?
7. Analyse into Subject and Predicate :
 - “ *The Boy lay still as a watching lynx.* ”
 - “ *Then they pounced with incredible speed.* ”

"Lightly as if blown by a soft wind he was at the spot."

"The next moment the noose of rabbit wire closed inexorably upon his legs."

8. TRANSITIVE VERBS. Certain Verbs specify an action which passes over from the Subject and affects something else. Thus, in "*His great talons transfixed the rat*," the action beginning with the talons affected the rat also. Such verbs are called Transitive Verb [*transeo* = I go over]. In such a sentence as "*The boy lay still*," the Verb is Intransitive.

Write all the Verbs in the first two pages of this extract, classifying them into Transitive and Intransitive.

A DUEL IN THE DESERT

— SIR WALTER SCOTT —

This is the opening chapter of Sir Walter Scott's famous novel, *The Talisman*, a tale of the Crusades. King Richard I. was with his army in Palestine, but was sick. One of his knights had been dispatched to consult a renowned hermit, and on his way this knight (who was in reality the son of the Scottish king, though no one knew it) met and fought an unknown Saracen. Later in the story it is discovered that the latter was the famous Sultan Saladin. Here we have the account of their combat.

THE burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a knight of the Red Cross, who had left his distant Northern home and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or, as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midday station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labour and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued

to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the trees, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horseman, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating in the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The Crusader was totally indifferent whether the infidel, who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe ; perhaps, as a vowed champion of the Cross, he might rather have preferred the latter. He disengaged his lance from his saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in the left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand ; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse to the gallop to encounter him. But the Christian knight, well acquainted with the customs of Eastern warriors, did

not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion ; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that, if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight, and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached towards the Christian within twice the length of his lance, wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice around his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to the distance of an hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Heathen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the Christian knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foe-man, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and, with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler betwixt the mace and his head ; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the Christian could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprang from the ground, and, calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leaped into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the

Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow, which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the Christian with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the Christian dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when, dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach! Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the Knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and, thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword, and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle, which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce; he approached the Christian with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

“ There is truce betwixt our nations,” he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the Crusaders ; “ wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me ? Let there be peace betwixt us.”

“ I am well contented,” answered he of the Couchant Leopard ; “ but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce ? ”

“ The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken,” answered the Emir. “ It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage.”

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

“ By the cross of my sword,” he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, “ I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together.”

“ By Mahommed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet,” replied his late foeman, “ there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had hardly touched my lip when I was called to battle by thy approach.”

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent ; and the late foes, without an angry look or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm trees.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Sir Walter Scott is our greatest historical novelist. It may be said that he created the historical novel. With the help of a book of reference, write a short account of his life.
2. This extract is from the first chapter of *The Talisman*. The first chapter of any of Scott's novels is usually rather difficult. He is not one of those authors who "open well," like Dickens or C. G. D. Roberts. But the splendid story that follows is always well worth a little effort. Try to read some examples of opening chapters by these writers.
3. Some more difficult portions of the chapter have been omitted. After reading what is given here, if you are really interested, read the whole chapter, noting the fine description of the Crusader's equipment and appearance, and also of the desolate scene. Write a brief account of each.
4. Notice the contrast made here between the Crusader and the Saracen. Try to set out the chief points of contrast, numbering them. Then expand this into a short essay on the subject.
5. The account of the combat is very fine. How did both display great intelligence as well as great valour?
6. Using this extract as a model, write an account of a fight between a band of Crusaders and a band of Saracens.
7. What shows that each warrior was honourable and ready to trust a gallant foe?
8. It is interesting to notice that Scott, although possessing a wonderful power of portraying action, does not use short swift sentences in doing so. It is as though his power is so great that he does not need what most writers do. He has the ability to give rapid and striking movement to long sentences. Select examples from this extract.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. By using them in sentences, show the meaning of : *Desolation, accoutrements, gauntlets, falchion, poniard, infidel, barb, turban, momentum, inimitable, illusory.*

2. *Dexterity*, a word meaning skill, is derived from *dexter* = the right hand. Find out the derivation, and show how the present meaning was obtained, of : *Sinister, pedal, trident, bicycle, biscuit.*

3. Write notes on : Crusaders, Syria, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Saracens, Moslem, the Prophet, Nazarene, Allah.

4. The Saracen approached "*as if borne on the wings of an eagle.*" He renewed the charge "*like a hawk attacking a heron.*" Show that these Similes are very suitable.

5. What Similes are used to complete these sentences ?

"*He dropped from his horse——*"

"*He found himself grasped in a clutch——*"

"*The horse had watched——*"

"*They rode on together——*"

6. Write a summary of the conversation between the two warriors.

7. Transitive Verbs, in analysis, take an Object. Analyse the following sentences into Subject and Predicate, and show the Object, thus :

SUBJECT.	PREDICATE.	
	Verb.	Object.
<i>The knight</i>	<i>yielded</i>	<i>a ready assent.</i>

"*He unloosed the sword-belt.*"

"*The Saracen had recovered his march.*"

"*The blow forced down the buckler.*"

"*He discharged six arrows.*"

HOW PETER LEFT HOME

— MRS. GASKELL —

Mrs. Gaskell (1810–1865) wrote a number of powerful novels, as well as a striking *Life of Charlotte Brontë*. Among her best-known works are *Mary Barton* and *North and South*; the most popular of all being *Cranford*—a series of beautiful, kindly sketches of incidents observed by a dweller in a quiet little country town. Among the inhabitants of Cranford was a charming old lady, Miss Matty Jenkyns, a clergyman's daughter, and now almost alone in the world. Here she relates the story of how her only brother Peter left home many, many years before.

POOOR Peter! his lot in life was very different to what his friends had hoped and planned. Miss Matty told me all about it, and I think it was a relief to her when she had done so.

He was the darling of his mother, who seemed to dote on all her children. Deborah was the favourite of her father, and, when Peter disappointed him, she became his pride. The sole honour Peter brought away from Shrewsbury was the reputation of being the best good fellow that ever was, and of being the captain of the school in the art of practical joking. His father was disappointed, but set about remedying the matter in a manly way. He could not afford to send Peter to read with any tutor, but he could read with him himself; and Miss Matty told me much of the awful preparations in the way of dictionaries and lexicons that were made in her father's study the morning Peter began.

“My poor mother!” said she. “I remember how she used to stand in the hall, just near enough to the study door to catch the tone of my father's voice. I

could tell in a moment if all was going right by her face. And it did go right for a long time."

"What went wrong at last?" said I. "That tiresome Latin, I dare say."

"No! it was not the Latin. Peter was in high favour with my father, for he worked up well for him. But he seemed to think that the Cranford people might be joked about, and made fun of, and they did not like it; nobody does. He was always hoaxing them. But he was a very gentlemanly boy in many things. He was like dear Captain Brown in always being ready to help any old person or a child. Still, he did like joking and making fun; and he seemed to think the old ladies in Cranford would believe anything. There were many old ladies living here then; we are principally ladies now, I know, but we are not so old as the ladies used to be when I was a girl. I could laugh to think of some of Peter's jokes. No, my dear, I won't tell you of them, because they might not shock you as they ought to do, and they were very shocking. He even took in my father once, by dressing himself up as a lady that was passing through the town and wished to see the rector of Cranford. Peter said he was awfully frightened himself when he saw how my father took it all in, and even offered to copy out all his Napoleon Buonaparte sermons for her—him, I mean—no, her, for Peter was a lady then. He told me he was more terrified than he ever was before, all the time my father was speaking. He did not think my father would have believed him; and yet if he had not, it would have been a sad thing for Peter. As it was, he was none so glad of it, for my father kept him hard at work copying out all those twelve Buonaparte sermons for the lady—that was for Peter himself, you know. He was the lady. And once when he wanted to go fishing, Peter said

‘Confound the woman!’—very bad language, my dear, but Peter was not always so guarded as he should have been; my father was so angry with him, it nearly frightened me out of my wits.”

“Did Miss Jenkyns know of these tricks?” said I.

“Oh, no! Deborah would have been too much shocked. No, no one knew but me. I wish I had always known of Peter’s plans; but sometimes he did not tell me. He used to say the old ladies in the town wanted something to talk about; but I don’t think they did. They had *The St. James’s Chronicle* three times a week, just as we have now, and we have plenty to say; and I remember the clacking noise there always was when some of the ladies got together. But, probably, schoolboys talk more than ladies. At last there was a terrible, sad thing happened.” Miss Matty got up, went to the door, and opened it; no one was there.

“We’ll put out the candle, my dear. We can talk just as well by firelight, you know. There! Well, you see, Deborah had gone from home for a fortnight or so; it was a very still, quiet day, I remember, overhead; and the lilacs were all in flower, so I suppose it was spring. My father had gone out to see some sick people in the parish; I recollect seeing him leave the house with his wig and shovel-hat and cane. What possessed our poor Peter I don’t know; he had the sweetest temper, and yet he always seemed to like to plague Deborah. She never laughed at his jokes, and thought him ungenteel, and not careful enough about improving his mind; and that vexed him.

“Well! he went to her room, it seems, and dressed himself in her old gown, and shawl, and bonnet; just the things she used to wear in Cranford, and was known by everywhere; and he made the pillow into

a little baby, with white long clothes. It was only, as he told me afterwards, to make something to talk about in the town ; he never thought of it as affecting Deborah. And he went and walked up and down in the Filbert walk—just half-hidden by the rails, and half-seen ; and he cuddled his pillow, just like a baby, and talked to it all the nonsense people do. Oh, dear ! and my father came stepping stately up the street, as he always did ; and what should he see but a little black crowd of people—I dare say as many as twenty—all peeping through his garden rails. So he thought, at first, they were only looking at a new rhododendron that was in full bloom, and that he was very proud of ; and he walked slower, that they might have more time to admire. My poor father ! When he came nearer, he began to wonder that they did not see him ; but their heads were all so close together peeping and peeping ! My father was amongst them, meaning, he said, to ask them to walk into the garden with him, and admire the beautiful vegetable production, when—oh, my dear ! I tremble to think of it—he looked through the rails himself, and saw—I don't know what he thought he saw, but old Clare told me his face went quite grey-white with anger, and his eyes blazed out under his frowning black brows ; and he spoke out—oh, so terribly !—and bade them all stop where they were—not one of them to go, not one to stir a step ; and, swift as light, he was in at the garden door, and down the Filbert walk, and seized hold of poor Peter, and tore his clothes off his back—bonnet, shawl, gown, and all—and threw the pillow among the people over the railings : and then he was very, very angry indeed, and before all the people he lifted up his cane and flogged Peter !

“ My dear, that boy's trick, on that sunny day,

when all seemed going straight and well, broke my mother's heart, and changed my father for life. It did, indeed. Old Clare said Peter looked as white as my father ; and stood as still as a statue to be flogged ; and my father struck hard ! When my father stopped to take breath, Peter said, ' Have you done enough, sir ? ' quite hoarsely, and still standing quite quiet. I don't know what my father said—or if he said anything. But old Clare said Peter turned to where the people outside the railing were, and made them a low bow, as grand and as grave as any gentleman ; and then walked slowly into the house. I was in the store-room helping my mother to make cowslip wine. I cannot abide the wine now, nor the scent of the flowers ; they turn me sick and faint, as they did that day when Peter came in looking as haughty as any man—indeed, looking like a man, not like a boy. ' Mother ! ' he said, ' I am come to say, God bless you for ever.' I saw his lips quiver as he spoke ; and I think he durst not say anything more loving, for the purpose that was in his heart. She looked at him rather frightened, and wondering, and asked him what was to do. He did not smile or speak, but put his arms round her and kissed her as if he did not know how to leave off ; and before she could speak again, he was gone. We talked it over, and could not understand it, and she bade me go and seek my father, and ask what it was all about. I found him walking up and down, looking very highly displeased.

" ' Tell your mother I have flogged Peter, and that he richly deserved it.' "

" I durst not ask any more questions. When I told my mother, she sat down, quite faint, for a minute. I remember, a few days after, I saw the poor, withered cowslip flowers thrown out to the leaf heap, to decay and die there. There was no making of cow-

slip wine that year at the rectory, nor, indeed, ever after.

“ Presently my mother went to my father. Some time after they came out together ; and then, my mother told me what had happened, and that she was going up to Peter’s room at my father’s desire—though she was not to tell Peter this—to talk the matter over with him. But no Peter was there. We looked over the house ; no Peter was there ! Even my father, who had not liked to join in the search at first, helped us before long. The rectory was a very old house—steps up into a room, steps down into a room, all through. At first, my mother went calling low and soft, as if to reassure the poor boy, ‘ Peter ! Peter, dear ! it’s only me ’ ; but, by and by, as the servants came back from the errands my father had sent them, in different directions, to find where Peter was—as we found he was not in the garden, nor the hayloft, nor anywhere about—my mother’s cry grew louder and wilder, ‘ Peter ! Peter, my darling ! where are you ? ’ for then she felt and understood that that long kiss meant some sad kind of ‘ good-bye.’ The afternoon went on—my mother never resting, but seeking again and again in every possible place that had been looked into twenty times before, nay, that she had looked into over and over again herself. My father sat with his head in his hands, not speaking except when his messengers came in, bringing no tidings ; then he lifted up his face, so strong and sad, and told them to go again in some new direction, My mother kept passing from room to room, in and out of the house, moving noiselessly, but never ceasing. Neither she nor my father durst leave the house, which was the meeting place for all the messengers. At last (and it was nearly dark) my father rose up. He took hold of my mother’s arm as she came with

wild, sad pace through one door, and quickly towards another. She started at the touch of his hand, for she had forgotten all in the world but Peter.

“ ‘Molly!’ said he, ‘I did not think all this would happen.’ He looked into her face for comfort—her poor face, all wild and white; for neither she nor my father had dared to acknowledge, much less act upon, the terror that was in their hearts, lest Peter should have made away with himself. My father saw no conscious look in his wife’s hot, dreary eyes, and he missed the sympathy that she had always been ready to give him, strong man as he was, and, at the dumb despair in her face, his tears began to flow. But when she saw this, a gentle sorrow came over her countenance, and she said, ‘Dearest John! don’t cry; come with me, and we’ll find him,’ almost as cheerfully as if she knew where he was. And she took my father’s great hand in her little, soft one and led him along, the tears dropping as he walked on that same unceasing, weary walk, from room to room, through house and garden.”

“Where was Mr. Peter?” said I.

“He had made his way to Liverpool; and there was war then; and some of the king’s ships lay off the mouth of the Mersey; and they were only too glad to have a fine likely boy such as him (five foot nine he was) come to offer himself. The captain wrote to my father, and Peter wrote to my mother. Stay! those letters will be somewhere here.”

We lighted the candle, and found the captain’s letter and Peter’s too.

The captain’s letter summoned the father and mother to Liverpool instantly, if they wished to see their boy; and, by some of the wild chances of life, the captain’s letter had been detained somewhere, somehow.

Miss Matty went on : “ And it was race-time, and all the post-horses at Cranford were gone to the races ; but my father and mother set off in our own gig—and oh ! my dear, they were too late—the ship was gone ! And now read Peter’s letter to my mother ! ”

It was full of love, and sorrow, and pride in his new profession, and a sore sense of his disgrace in the eyes of the people at Cranford ; but ending with a passionate entreaty that she would come and see him before he left the Mersey : “ Mother, we may go into battle. I hope we shall, and lick those French ; but I must see you again before that time.”

“ And she was too late,” said Miss Matty ; “ too late ! ”

We sat in silence, pondering on the full meaning of those sad, sad words. At length I asked Miss Matty to tell me how her mother bore it.

“ Oh ! ” she said, “ she was patience itself. She had never been strong, and this weakened her terribly. My father used to sit looking at her—far more sad than she was. He seemed as if he could look at nothing else when she was by ; and he was so humble—so very gentle now. He would, perhaps, speak in his old way—laying down the law, as it were—and then, in a minute or two, he would come round and put his hand on our shoulders, and ask us in a low voice if he had said anything to hurt us. I did not wonder at his speaking so to Deborah, for she was so clever ; but I could not bear to hear him talking so to me.

“ But, you see, he saw what we did not—that it was killing my mother. Yes ! killing her (put out the candle, my dear ; I can talk better in the dark), for she was but a frail woman, and ill-fitted to stand the fright and shock she had gone through ; and she would smile at him and comfort him, not in words,

but in her looks and tones, which were always cheerful when he was there. And she would speak of how she thought Peter stood a good chance of being admiral very soon—he was so brave and clever; and how she thought of seeing him in his navy uniform, and what sort of hats admirals wore; and how much more fit he was to be a sailor than a clergyman; and all in that way, just to make my father think she was quite glad of what came of that unlucky morning's work, and the flogging which was always in his mind, as we all knew. But oh, my dear! the bitter, bitter crying she had when she was alone.

“Well, my dear, it's very foolish of me, I know, when in all likelihood I am so near seeing her again.

“And only think, love! the very day after her death—for she did not live quite a twelvemonth after Peter went away—the very day after, came a parcel for her from India—from her poor boy. It was a large, soft, white Indian shawl, with just a little narrow border all round; just what my mother would have liked.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Notice that the style of this extract is very different from the stately, majestic language of *The Talisman*. Mrs. Gaskell's writing is easy, pleasant, and homely. We admire Scott's warriors, but we feel as if we knew and loved Peter.

2. The tale is very vividly told. We see everything—Peter's frolic, his father's anger, his mother's distress. The simple, direct style, so like an actual conversation, helps this. If the story were told in a majestic manner, we should feel that it was not related as a dear, kindly old lady would tell it. Why not?

3. What little points show that Miss Matty had never forgotten any of the details ?

4. Why did Peter leave home ? Was it because the beating hurt him physically ?

5. Write a character-sketch of Peter's father and mother.

6. What is the saddest passage of this extract ?

7. Peter's letter was "*full of love and sorrow and pride in his new profession, and a sore sense of his disgrace in the eyes of the people at Cranford ; but ending with a passionate entreaty that she would come and see him before he left the Mersey.*" Write the letter you think Peter wrote.

8. Show that these statements were true :

"*He was the darling of his mother.*"

"*His lot in life was very different to what his friends had hoped and planned.*"

"*He did like joking and making fun.*"

"*That boy's trick broke my mother's heart, and changed my father for life.*"

9. "*We sat in silence, pondering on the full meaning of those sad, sad words.*" What were the thoughts (a) of Miss Matty, (b) of her friend ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Show by using them in sentences the meaning of these words : *Reputation, haughty, decay, desire, conscious, sympathy, summoned, frail, genteel, posies.*

2. What is the meaning of the prefixes in : *Ungenteel, admire, displeased, reassure, forgotten, detained, uniform, circumstances ?*

3. Mrs. Gaskell uses semi-colons a great deal where most authors would use the full stop. Rewrite the passage beginning "*Well ! he went to her room . . .*" replacing, where possible, the semi-colons by full stops, and making any other necessary changes.

4. Why do you think the authoress uses "and" so frequently to begin a sentence? What other author have you read who does this?

5. Notice the repetitions, which add to the effect: "*But no Peter was there. . . . No Peter was there.*"

This device of repetition is sometimes done with wonderful effect. For instance, when the old mad King Lear in Shakespeare's play speaks to the body of his dead daughter, he says:

"Thou'lt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!"

Search for other examples.

6. INVERTED COMMAS. The exact words of a speaker are enclosed within inverted commas, thus: "My poor mother," said she.

Punctuate:

Peter said have you done enough sir

My father said tell your mother I have flogged Peter

Where was Mr. Peter said I

Molly said he I did not think this would happen.

THE FRANKLIN'S MAID

— SIR A. CONAN DOYLE —

The White Company were famous archers, fighting under the Black Prince. This song was sung by Hordle John, a burly, red-headed archer, at a gathering of the company. It will be easily understood that a song to such a gathering would picture the triumph of an archer. A "franklin" was a prosperous landowner.

THE franklin he hath gone to roam,
The franklin's maid she bides at home.
But she is cold and coy and staid,
And who may win the franklin's maid?

There came a knight of high renown
 In bassinet and ciclatoun ;
 On bended knee full long he prayed :
 He might not win the franklin's maid.

There came a squire so debonair,
 His dress was rich, his words were fair,
 He sweetly sang, he deftly played :
 He could not win the franklin's maid.

There came a mercer wonder-fine
 With velvet cap and gaberdine :
 For all his ships, for all his trade,
 He could not buy the franklin's maid.

There came an archer bold and true,
 With bracer guard and stave of yew ;
 His purse was light, his jerkin frayed :
 Haro, alas ! the franklin's maid !

Oh, some have laughed and some have cried,
 And some have scoured the countryside ;
 But off they ride through wood and glade,
 The bowman and the franklin's maid.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This rollicking ballad should be read aloud, or, better still, sung. The tune you choose must be brisk and lively. Why ?
2. Why should this song greatly please a company of archers ?
3. Conan Doyle said he always tried to write in the simplest language possible. Show that his statement applies to this poem.

4. Try to write a similar song for a company of merchants, or for a band of apprentices.

5. Compare with this poem Wamba's song in *Ivanhoe*, chap. xli. What likenesses are there ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain : *Franklin, renown, bassinet, ciclatoun, debonair, coy, gaberdine, bracer guard, stave, jerkin.*

2. We read in this poem of a *mercier*. What was he ? Can you find out what these mediæval traders made or sold : *Bowyer, fletcher, glover, armourer, white-tawyer ?*

3. What words or phrases in this poem suggest that the song is supposed to date from an earlier century ?

4. Note the word *bowman*. The ending "man" to signify one who carried on an occupation shown by the first part of the word was once quite common. Chaucer writes *shipman*, and you will find this word used also in Acts xxvii. But now *bowman* and *shipman* have been displaced by *archer* and *sailor*.

Make a list of similar words ending in *man* which we still use.

5. THE EXCLAMATION MARK ! This mark is used after a word or phrase to express some strong feeling :

" *Haro, alas ! the franklin's maid !* "

Insert Exclamation Marks :

(a) Hail ho sail ho ahoy ahoy ahoy

(b) Again again again

And the havoc did not slack.

(c) Ha ha 'tis done 'tis done We have overthrown the proud.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS

— GILBERT WHITE —

Gilbert White (1720–1793) was for a long period a curate at Farringdon, the adjoining parish to his native Selborne, in Hampshire. He was intensely interested in Natural History, and wrote many letters on the subject to two friends. These letters were published in *The Natural History of Selborne*, and won a popularity and fame that has endured till now, though Natural History has gone far beyond the stage it had reached in White's day. The extract given below shows that it may still be read with interest.

KITES and buzzards sail round in circles with wings expanded and motionless. The kestrel, or wind-hover, has a peculiar mode of hanging in the air in one place, his wings all the while being briskly agitated. Hen-harriers fly low over heaths or fields of corn, and beat the ground regularly like a pointer or setting-dog. Owls move in a buoyant manner, as if lighter than the air; they seem to want ballast. There is a peculiarity belonging to ravens that must draw the attention even of the most incurious—they spend all their leisure time in striking and cuffing each other on the wing in a kind of playful skirmish; and when they move from one place to another, frequently turn on their backs with a loud croak, and seem to be falling to the ground. When this odd gesture betides them, they are scratching themselves with one foot, and thus lose the centre of gravity. Rooks sometimes dive and tumble in a frolicsome manner; crows and daws swagger in their walk; woodpeckers open and close their wings at every stroke, and so are always rising or falling in curves. All of this genus use their tails, which incline downward, as a support while they run

up trees. Parrots, like all other hooked-clawed birds, walk awkwardly, and make use of their bill as a third foot, climbing and descending with ridiculous caution. Magpies and jays flutter with powerless wings, and make no dispatch. Herons seem encumbered with too much sail for their light bodies, but these vast hollow wings are necessary in carrying burdens, such as large fish and the like. Pigeons, and especially the sort called smiters, have a way of clashing their wings the one against the other over their backs with a loud snap; another variety, called tumblers, turn themselves over in the air. Some birds have movements peculiar to the season of love. Thus ringdoves, though strong and rapid at other times, yet in the spring hang about on the wing in a toying and playful manner. Thus the cock-snipe, while breeding, forgetting his former flight, fans the air like the wind-hover; and the greenfinch, in particular, exhibits such languishing and faltering gestures as to appear like a wounded and dying bird. The kingfisher darts along like an arrow. Fern-owls, or goat-suckers, glance in the dusk over the tops of trees like a meteor. Starlings, as it were, swim along, while missel-thrushes use a wild and desultory flight. Swallows sweep over the surface of the ground and the water, and distinguish themselves by rapid turns and quick evolutions. Swifts dash round in circles, and the bank-martin moves with frequent vacillations like a butterfly. Most of the small birds fly by jerks, rising and falling as they advance. Most small birds hop; but wagtails and larks walk, moving their legs alternately. Skylarks rise and fall perpendicularly as they sing; woodlarks hang poised in the air; and titlarks rise and fall in large curves, singing in their descent. The white-throat uses odd jerks and gesticulations over the tops of hedges and bushes. All the duck kind waddle;

divers and auks walk as if fettered, and stand erect on their tails. Dabchicks, moorhens, and coots fly erect, with their legs hanging down, and hardly make any dispatch ; the reason is plain : their wings are placed too forward out of the true centre of gravity ; as the legs of auks and divers are situated too backward.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

1. Gilbert White's fame as a naturalist will probably endure for centuries. His famous book has been reprinted many times, although there have been more absorbing books on Natural History written since. His was the first great popular book on the subject.

2. He lamented that he had no opportunity of sharing and comparing his knowledge in discussion with a companion. This is not surprising. There were few people in the eighteenth century who were really interested in Nature. Can you give any reasons for this ?

3. His book is interesting in every part to an adult, but some sections are usually not enjoyed by children. His style at times is rather stiff. The extract given here, however, is quite brisk, varied, and lively. Notice the short sentences and the lack of what we may call " fine " writing. He did not attempt to ornament his pages, but aimed at stating simply and clearly what he had observed. What was his real desire ?

4. Draw up a table of the birds mentioned here, arranged in classes according to their flight.

5. What shows that Gilbert White had a very wonderful power of observation ?

6. Gilbert White in one of his last letters in this volume says he proposed to take leave of Natural History. This is a very surprising statement. Do you think he would find it possible to do this? Give reasons.

7. One writer complained of naturalists that they were "always cataloguing." What did he mean?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain: *Agitated, buoyant, a pointer or setter dog, ballast, gesture, encumbered, meteor, vacillations, gesticulations.*

2. Show the meaning of the prefixes and suffixes in the following words: *Expanded, motionless, incurious, playful, frolicsome, support, evolutions.*

3. Why is the kestrel called a wind-hover? Which are the birds called *the storm-cock, the dipper, the bachelor-finch*? Can you explain why?

4. "Hen-harriers beat the ground regularly *like a pointer.*" Explain this Simile.

Make a list of all the Similes you can find in this extract.

5. In the following sentences substitute Adverbs for the Adverbial phrases, and Adverbial phrases for Adverbs:

"Rooks dive and tumble *in a frolicsome manner.*"

"Most of the small birds fly *by jerks.*"

"Wagtails and larks walk, using their legs *alternately.*"

"Parrots, like all other hooked-clawed birds, walk *awkwardly.*"

6. ANALYSIS. The Predicate of a sentence, as you have seen, may often be divided into Verb and Object. Frequently the Verb is qualified or extended in meaning by an Adverb or Adverbial phrase. Thus in the sentence "*Parrots walk awkwardly,*" the Adverb *awkwardly* extends further the impression we gain from the word walk.

“ *Hen-harriers regularly beat the ground like a pointer.* ”
This may be set out as follows :

SUBJECT.	PREDICATE.		
	Verb.	Object.	Adverbial Extension.
<i>Hen-harriers</i>	<i>beat</i>	<i>the ground</i>	<i>regularly, like a pointer.</i>

Analyse the following :

“ *They strike each other on the wing.* ”

“ *The whitethroat uses odd jerks over the hedges.* ”

“ *Coots hardly make any dispatch.* ”

“ *Pigeons clash their wings against each other.* ”

THE JEWS IN CAPTIVITY

— THE BIBLE (AUTHORISED VERSION) —

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down ; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song ; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth ; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

THE RETURN FROM CAPTIVITY

— *THE BIBLE (AUTHORISED VERSION)* —

WHEN the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.

Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them.

The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.

Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Psalm cxxvi.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. All great nations of the past had their own particular way of expressing their genius, and to each of them the world owes a debt. Thus, to Ancient Egypt we owe the alphabet. To the Greeks the world owes its finest ideas on Art, and to the Romans we are indebted for the clearest ideas on Law. But the whole life of the Jews was centred on their religion. Give some illustrations to show that this was so.

2. In this respect they were far superior to all other peoples of their time. While Egypt, Greece, and Rome alike had strange and confused ideas of a host of gods and goddesses, the Jews had realised the wonderful truth that there is One God, just and holy.

Show by reference to the Commandments that this was so.

3. This influenced their literature. Like the Greeks, the Jews had their songs, their histories, their dramas, but all were religious. You may read their histories in the Books of *Samuel*, *Kings*, and *Chronicles*. *Job* is a religious drama. And the songs are found in the collection which we call the Psalms.

Why do we sing or chant Psalms ?

4. These are really wonderful songs. They are poems, although to us they appear to be prose. But Hebrew poetry was not written in the forms we use. They are beautiful to read, but even better to sing.

Why is this ?

5. The two given here are not printed together in the *Book of Psalms*, but they form a striking contrast. The first is a lament—a despairing cry of exiles, who protest they will never forget their Homeland. They did not forget. The second is a chant of triumphant joy. Further on in this volume is an extract which will throw more light on these.

6. Learn these Psalms by heart.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF GIANT DESPAIR

— JOHN BUNYAN —

In this passage we have one of the most striking episodes from the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the great book written by John Bunyan while imprisoned in Bedford jail. Unable to preach, Bunyan wrote his immortal account of Christian's journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. Christian, having encountered many difficulties, at last finds a companion called Hopeful, and for some time they have journeyed together. For a while the way has been easy, lying along the bank of a pleasant river.

NOW I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted ; at which they were not a little sorry, yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels ; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way ; wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road, a meadow and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path Meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, " If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. " It is according to my wish," said Christian ; " here is the easiest going. Come, good Hopeful, and let us go over."

Hope. " But how if this path should lead us out of the way ? " " That is not likely," said the other. " Look, doth it not go along by the wayside ? " So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and

were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-confidence; so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said "To the Celestial Gate." "Look," said Christian, "did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right." So they followed, and he went before them. But behold the night came on, and it grew very dark; so that they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He therefore that went before, not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, and was dashed in pieces with his fall. Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer; only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, "Where are we now?" Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way. And now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten in a very dreadful manner, and the water rose amain. Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that, in their going back, they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore, at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till daybreak; but, being weary, they fell asleep.

Now, there was not far from the place where they lay a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping: wherefore he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim face and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and

that they had lost their way. Then said the Giant, "You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The Giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends or acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had a double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done: to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them, as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste; then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and, perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison : “ For why,” said he, “ should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness ? ” But they desired him to let them go. With that, he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand ; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before to consider what to do.

They discussed whether they should take his advice, and decided it would be foolish and wicked to do so.

Well, towards evening, the Giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there, he found them alive : and truly, alive was all ; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he flew into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly.

Now, night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel, to which he replied, “ They are sturdy rogues ; they choose

rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves." Then she said, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already dispatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them also in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you to your den again!" And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the Giant had got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of the prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied: "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." "And sayest thou so, my dear," said the Giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty. I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then

said Hopeful, "That's good news ; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door, that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too, but that lock went hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed ; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it wakened Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail ; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's Highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

They fell no more into his clutches and, after erecting a pillar to warn other pilgrims of the danger, went on their way to the Celestial City, which they reached in safety.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Note the plain, straightforward, vigorous way in which Bunyan tells the story. He was a man who had little opportunity for education. Write a short account of his life.
2. He had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. Can you account for this ?
3. Are there any indications in this extract of this close knowledge of the Scriptures ?

4. Why did Giant Despair sometimes lose his power in sunny weather ?
5. Write briefly in your own words an account of :
 - (a) The capture of the Pilgrims.
 - (b) Their escape.
6. Give a short account of the way in which the Giant's wife increased the Pilgrims' troubles.
7. Write an account of how some Pilgrims fell into the power of a giant named Dishonesty, and of their escape.
8. Read again the story of Christian's encounter with Apollyon. Which experience was the worse, that with Apollyon or with Giant Despair ?
9. It is a remarkable thing that people of all classes love *Pilgrim's Progress*. Can you give any reasons ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Make a list of the words which appear quaint or strange in this extract. Write the sentences in which they occur, and then rewrite them, using more modern phrases.
2. Why should we expect to find certain rather unfamiliar words or phrases ?
3. Notice the names he gives to the people : Christian, Hopeful, Vain-confidence, Giant Despair, Diffidence. Why do you think he used these names ?
4. Why was the castle called Doubting Castle ?
5. Condense to half its length the paragraph beginning :
“ *Now there was not far from this . . .* ”
6. Write headings, numbering them in order, to show the course of events (*e.g.*, 1. Christian sees a path).
7. Using these headings, write a summary of their experiences.

8. Analyse :

“ *Now in this place Christian had a double sorrow.*”

“ *In the morning he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel.*”

“ *With that, he beat them all the way thither.*”

“ *Christian pulled it out of his bosom.*”

“ *Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed.*”

9. FURTHER WORK OF ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS.
 Certain Adjectives and Adverbs indicate *number* or *amount*.
 Thus :

“ The souls of the pilgrims were *much* discouraged.”

“ They found it *very* easy for their feet.”

“ A dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these *two* men.”

Find other examples in this extract.

A GREAT SCHOLAR'S OPINION OF THE *PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*

— LORD MACAULAY —

Lord Macaulay, the celebrated historian, was among the most accomplished scholars of the nineteenth century—a fact which makes his view of the *Pilgrim's Progress* especially interesting.

THAT wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. That work was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the

most pedantic of critics and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a greater favourite than *Jack the Giant Killer*. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius, that things which are not should be as though they were, that the imaginations of one mind should become the personal recollections of another. And this miracle the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket-gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction, the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it, the Interpreter's house and all its fair shows, the prisoner in the iron cage, the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold, the cross and the sepulchre, the steep hill and the pleasant arbour, the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside, the chained lions crouching in the porch, the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass and covered with flocks, all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipices on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close

by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley he passes the dens in which the old giants dwelt, amidst the bones of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a waste moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle, the courtyard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onward are the sheepfolds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the Enchanted Ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Lord Macaulay's style is very different from Bunyan's. Why is this ?
2. Bunyan mainly uses short words. Lord Macaulay prefers long ones. Give examples to show this.
3. Bunyan's sentences are short and straightforward. Macaulay's are long, stately, and rolling. Select examples of each.
4. Yet both are able to paint a picture most vividly. Bunyan brings before us in their order every incident of the imprisonment in Doubting Castle so clearly that we never forget them. Macaulay gives us, in a single page, the whole journey.
Set out in order the scenes to which Macaulay refers.
5. Some old editions of *Pilgrim's Progress* have in the front a sort of picture-map of the journey. If you can obtain such a copy, take Macaulay's list and trace the course that Christian followed.
6. What did Macaulay mean when he wrote : "*And this miracle the tinker has wrought.*"

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. This extract contains a large number of long words. Use your Dictionary well. Do not pass any unfamiliar word.
2. Give the meaning of : *Desultory, fastidious, critics, illiterate, sectary, pedantic, bigoted, genius, ascent, declivity, desolate, sepulchre, noisome, delectable, allegorical, discernible.*

3. Study carefully the long sentence beginning "*The wicket gate . . .*" Break it up into several sentences. You will need to be very careful in choosing your conjunctions.

4. Analyse :

"Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl."

"On the left branches off the path leading to the horrible castle."

"The mouth of the burning pit sends forth its flames."

5. Replace the italicised phrases by single words :

The sun shines *night and day*.

The prisoner *in the iron cage*.

The gates *of pearl*.

The low green Valley of Humiliation *rich with grass*.

6. Notice the excellent use of Adjectives, e.g., the *noisome* smoke.

Find other examples.

THE SAILOR BOY

— LORD TENNYSON —

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,
Shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
And whistled to the morning star.

And while he listened long and loud
He heard a fierce mermaiden cry,
"O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
I see the place where thou wilt lie.

"The sands and yeasty surges mix
In caves about the dreary bay,
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."

"Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
To those that stay and those that roam,
But I will nevermore endure
To sit with empty hands at home.

"My mother clings about my neck,
My sisters crying, 'Stay for shame';
My father raves of death and wreck,
They are all to blame, they are all to blame.

"God help me! save I take my part
Of danger on the roaring sea,
A devil rises in my heart,
Far worse than any death to me."

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This poem is full of life and action, and shows how hard it is to curb a daring spirit. Which verse particularly illustrates this?

2. Lord Tennyson was a poet who could write in many styles. *The Sailor Boy* is full of fierce life. But notice the contrast with these lines from a poem on a woman suffering from a fatal disease:

"And fairer she, but ah! how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace."

What marks the style of this verse?

3. One mark of Tennyson's poetry is his love of short, simple words. Illustrate this from the poem given here.

4. Another feature of his verse is his use of *alliteration*. This is less strongly marked in *The Sailor Boy* than in most of his poems. But still, it is present. Select examples.

5. Write a conversation between the boy and the members of his family.

6. Read Longfellow's poem *The Discovery of the North Cape*, to see another case of one who felt as this boy did. And better still, if possible, read *The Ship of Fools*, 1597, by St. John Lucas, with its splendid opening :

"We are the fools who could not rest
In the dull earth we left behind . . ."

7. How has this spirit helped to create the British Empire ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. The metre of the poem is one you have already met, Iambic Tetrameter. Copy out the first verse and divide each line into "feet," marking the accents.

2. Note the irregular first foot in this line :

"Fool," | he an- | swered, "death | is sure." |

The omission of the unaccented syllable makes the emphasis on "fool" even stronger. This was what the poet wished.

3. Tennyson was very skilful in his use of Adjectives. Point out some that are used very cleverly in this poem.

4. Rewrite the following in verse :

"Take warning he that will not sing while yon sun
prosper in the blue shall sing for want ere leaves are
new caught in the frozen palms of Spring."

5. Mark the feet and accents. What is the metre ?

A FIGHT WITH GALLEY-SLAVES

— CAPTAIN MARRYAT —

This thrilling episode is from Captain Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy*. Jack Easy was a midshipman on the *Aurora*, an English warship under Captain Wilson, during the wars against France in the days of Napoleon. They were cruising in the Mediterranean, and seeing a galley wrecked on the Sicilian coast, freed the slaves in order to save their lives. Jack, with his friend Gascoigne, was in charge of the boats that performed this kindly act, and was horrified to discover that among the freed prisoners was Don Silvio, a Sicilian who was the bitter enemy of Don Rebiera, a Sicilian gentleman whose daughter Agnes was greatly beloved by Jack. When they reached harbour, Captain Wilson allowed Jack, his black servant Mesty, and Gascoigne, to hasten off to warn Don Rebiera that his house would probably be attacked. They reached the house, warned Don Rebiera and his sons, and prepared for defence.

THE gentlemen then returned with all the fire-arms and destructive weapons they could collect.

"We have enough," observed Don Philip, "to arm all the people we have with us."

"And we are well armed," replied Jack, who had left Agnes standing alone. "What now are your plans?"

"Those we must now consult about. It appears——" but at this moment the conversation was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Pedro, who had been dispatched to the town with the load of wine. He rushed in, flurried and heated, with his red cap in his hand.

"How now, Pedro, back so early?"

"Oh, signor!" exclaimed the man, "they have taken the cart and the wine, and have drawn it away up to the mountains."

"Who?" inquired Don Rebiera.

“The galley-slaves who have been let loose—and by the body of our blessed saint they have done pretty mischief; they have broken into the houses, robbed everything—murdered many—clothed themselves with the best—collected all the arms, provisions, and wine they could lay their hands on, and have marched away into the mountains. This took place last night. As I was coming down within a mile of the town they met me with my loaded cart, and they turned the bullocks round and drove them away along with the rest. By the blessed Virgin! but they are stained with blood, but not altogether of men, for they have cut up some of the oxen. I heard this from one of the herdsman, but he too fled and could not tell me more. But, signor, I heard them mention your name.”

“I have no doubt of it,” replied Don Rebiera. “As for the wine, I only hope they will drink too much of it to-night. But, Pedro, they will be here, and we must defend ourselves—so call the men together; I must speak to them.”

“We shall never see the bullocks again,” observed Pedro mournfully.

“No; but we shall never see one another again, if we do not take care. I have information they come here to-night.”

“Holy Saint Francis! and they say there are a thousand of them.”

“Not quite so many, to my knowledge,” observed Jack.

“They told me that a great many were killed in their attack upon the town, before they mastered it.”

“So much the better. Go now, Pedro, drink a cup of wine, and then call the other men.”

The house was barricaded as well as circumstances would permit: the first storey was also made a fortress

by loading the landing-place with armoires and chests of drawers. The upper storey, or attic, if it might be so called, was defended in the same way, that they might retreat from one to the other if the doors were forced.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before all was ready, and they were still occupied with the last defence, under the superintendence of Mesty, who showed himself an able engineer, when they heard the sound of an approaching multitude. They looked out of one of the windows and perceived the house surrounded by the galley-slaves, in number apparently about a hundred. They were all dressed in a most fantastic manner with whatever they could pick up; some had firearms—but the most of them were supplied with only swords or knives. With them came also their cortège of plunder: carts of various descriptions loaded with provisions of all sorts and wine; women lashed down with ropes, sails from the vessels and boats to supply them with covering in the mountains, hay and straw and mattresses. Their plunder appeared to be well chosen for their exigencies. To the carts were tied a variety of cattle, intended to accompany them to their retreat. They all appeared to be under a leader, who was issuing directions—that leader was soon recognised by those in the house to be Don Silvio.

Jack immediately threw up the casement and called out in a loud voice, "Don Silvio! galley-slave! Don Silvio!"

The party hailed turned round and beheld Jack, Gascoigne, and Mesty, standing at the window of the upper floor.

"We have saved you the trouble of announcing us," called out Gascoigne. "We are here to receive you."

"And in three hours the troops will be here, so you must be quick, Don Silvio," continued Jack.

"*A reveder la,*"¹ continued Gascoigne, letting fly his pistol at Don Silvio.

The window was then immediately closed. The appearance of our heroes, and their communication of the speedy arrival of the troops, was not without effect. The criminals trembled at the idea; Don Silvio was mad with rage—he pointed out to the men the necessity of immediate attack—the improbability of the troops arriving so soon, and the wealth which he expected was locked up by Don Rebiera in his mansion. This rallied them, and they advanced to the doors, which they attempted to force without success, losing several men by the occasional fire from those within the house. Finding their efforts, after half an hour's repeated attempts, to be useless, they retreated, and then bringing up a long piece of timber, which required sixty men to carry it, they ran with it against the door, and the weight and impetus of the timber drove it off its hinges, and an entrance was obtained. By this time it was dark, the lower storey had been abandoned, but the barricade at the head of the stairs opposed their progress. Convenient loopholes had been prepared by the defenders, who now opened a smart fire upon the assailants, the latter having no means of returning it effectually, had they had ammunition for their muskets, which fortunately they had not been able to procure. The combat now became fierce, and the galley-slaves were several times repulsed with great loss during a contest of two hours; but encouraged by Don Silvio, and refreshed by repeated draughts of wine, they continued by degrees removing the barriers opposed to them.

"We shall have to retreat!" exclaimed Don Rebiera; "very soon they will have torn down all. What do you think, Signor Easy?"

¹ To our next meeting.



*"But the barricade at the head of the stairs
opposed their progress."*

"Hold this as long as we can. How are we off for ammunition?"

"Plenty as yet—plenty to last for six hours, I think."

"What do you say, Mesty?"

"By holy St. Patrig—I say hold out here—they got no firearms—and we ab um at arm-length."

This decision was the occasion of the first defence being held for two hours more, an occasional relief being afforded by the retreat of the convicts to the covered carts.

At last it was evident that the barricade was no longer tenable, for the heavy pieces of furniture they had heaped up to oppose entrance were completely hammered to fragments by poles brought up by the assailants, and used as battering-rams. The retreat was sounded; they all hastened to the other story, where the ladies were already placed, and the galley-slaves were soon in possession of the first floor—exasperated by the defence, mad with wine and victory, but finding nothing.

Again was the attack made upon the second landing; but, as the stairs were now narrower, and their defences were stronger in proportion, they for a long while gained no advantage. On the contrary, many of their men were wounded and taken down below.

The darkness of the night prevented both parties from seeing distinctly, which was rather in favour of the assailants. Many climbed over the fortress of piled-up furniture, and were killed as soon as they appeared on the other side, and at last the only ammunition used was against those who made this rash attempt. For four long hours did this assault and defence continue, until daylight came, and then the plan of assault was altered; they again brought

up the poles, hammered the pieces of furniture into fragments, and gained ground. The defenders were worn out with fatigue, but flinched not; they knew that their lives, and the lives of those dearest to them, were at stake, and they never relaxed their exertions. Still the criminals, with Silvio at their head, progressed, the distance between the parties gradually decreased, and there was but one massive chest of drawers now defending the landing-place, and over which there was a constant succession of blows from long poles and cutlasses, returned with the bullets from their pistols.

"We must now fight for our lives," exclaimed Gascoigne to Easy; "for what else can we do?"

"Do—get on the roof and fight there, then," replied Jack.

"By the bye, that's well thought of, Jack," said Gascoigne. "Mesty, up and see if there is any place we can retreat to in case of need."

Mesty hastened to obey, and soon returned with a report that there was a trap-door leading into the loft under the roof, and that they could draw the ladder up after them.

"Then we may laugh at them," cried Jack. "Mesty, stay here while I and Gascoigne assist the ladies up," explaining to the Rebieras and to their domestics why they went.

Easy and Gascoigne hasted to the signora and Agnes, conducted them up the ladder into the loft, and requested them to have no fear; they then returned to the defences on the stairs, and joined their companions. They found them hard pressed, and that there was little chance of holding out much longer; but the stairs were narrow, and the assailants could not bring their force against them. But now, as the defences were nearly destroyed, although the

convicts could not reach them with their knives, they brought up a large supply of heavy stones, which they threw with great force and execution. Two of Don Rebiera's men and Don Martin were struck down, and this new weapon proved most fatal.

"We must retreat, Jack," said Gascoigne; "the stones can do no harm where we are going to. What think you, Don Philip?"

"I agree with you; let those who are wounded be first carried up, and then we will follow."

This was effected, and as soon as the wounded men were carried up the ladder, and the arms taken up to prevent their falling into the hands of the assailants, for they were now of little use to them, the ammunition being exhausted, the whole body went into the large room which contained the trap-door of the loft, and, as soon as they were up, they drew the ladder after them. They had hardly effected this when they were followed with the yells and shouting of the galley-slaves, who had passed the last barriers, and thought themselves sure of their prey; but they were disappointed—they found them more secure than ever.

Nothing could exceed the rage of Don Silvio at the protracted resistance of the party, and the security of their retreat. To get at them was impossible, so he determined to set fire to the room and suffocate them, if he could do no otherwise. He gave his directions to his men, who rushed down for straw, but in so doing he carelessly passed under the trap-door, and Mesty, who had carried up with him two or three of the stones, dashed one down on the head of Don Silvio, who fell immediately. He was carried away, but his orders were put into execution; the room was filled with straw and fodder, and lighted. The effects were soon felt. The trap-door had been shut, but the heat and smoke burst through; after a time, the planks and

rafters took fire, and their situation was terrible. A small trap-window in the roof, on the side of the house, was knocked open, and gave them a temporary relief ; but now the rafters burned and crackled, and the smoke burst on them in thick columns. They could not see, and with difficulty could breathe. Fortunately the room below that which had been fired was but one out of four on the attics, and, as the loft they were in spread over the whole of the roof, they were able to remove far from it. The house was slated with massive slates of some hundredweight each, and it was not found possible to remove them so as to give air, although frequent attempts were made. Donna Rebiera sank exhausted in the arms of her husband, and Agnes fell into those of our hero, who, enveloped in smoke, kissed her again and again ; and she, poor girl, thinking that they must all inevitably perish, made no scruple, in what she supposed her last moment, of returning these proofs of her ardent attachment.

“ Massa Easy, help me here. Massa Gascoigne, come here. Now heab wid all your might ; when we get one off we get plenty.”

Summoned by Mesty, Jack and Gascoigne put their shoulders to one of the lower slates ; it yielded, was disengaged, and slid down with a loud rattling below. The ladies were brought to it, and their heads put outside ; they soon recovered ; and now that they had removed one, they found no difficulty in removing others. In a few minutes they were all with their heads in the open air, but still the house was on fire below, and they had no chance of escape. It was while they were debating upon this point, and consulting as to their chance of safety, that a breeze of wind wafted the smoke that issued from the roof away from them, and they beheld the detachment of troops making up to the house. A loud cheer was given, and attracted

the notice of the soldiers. They perceived Easy and his companions ; the house was surrounded and entered in an instant.

The galley-slaves, who were in the house searching for the treasure reported by Don Silvio to be concealed, were captured or killed, and in five minutes the troops had possession. But how to assist those above was the difficulty. The room below was in flames, and burning fiercely. There were no ladders that could reach so high, and there were no means of getting to them. The commandant made signs from below as if to ask what he was to do.

"I see no chance," observed Don Philip mournfully. "Easy, my dear fellow, and you, Gascoigne, I am sorry that the feuds of our family should have brought you to such a dreadful death ; but what can be done ? "

"I don't know," replied Jack ; "unless we could get ropes."

"You quite sure, Massa Easy, that all galley-rascals below gone ? " asked Mesty.

"Yes," replied Easy ; "you may see that. Look at some of them bound there, under charge of the soldiers."

"Den, sar, I tink it high time we go too."

"So do I, Mesty ; but how ? "

"How ? Stop a little. Come, help me, Massa Easy ; dis board (for the loft was floored) is loose, come help, all of you."

They all went, and with united strength pulled up the board.

"Now drive down de plaster," said Mesty, commencing the operation.

In a few minutes they had beaten an opening into one of the rooms below not on fire, pulled up another board, and Mesty having fetched the ladder, they all descended in safety and, to the astonishment of the commandant of the troops, walked out of the door of

the house, those who had been stunned with the stones having so far recovered as to require little assistance.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Some books are read because of the interesting tale (the “*plot*”), some for the skilfully-drawn people (“*characters*”), and some for the beauty of the writing. A few, and these are the books destined to live for centuries, combine all these merits. Marryat’s books can claim only one. Which is it ?

2. Yet there is one character in *Midshipman Easy* which is out of the common. Who is this ?

3. But the main interest of the extract given here is the quick, breathless action. Set out in order the incidents of the siege.

4. Who was the real hero of the defence ? Give reasons.

5. Show how the besieged defended themselves with intelligence as well as bravery.

6. Suppose the soldiers had not arrived : Write an account of the party’s escape even then.

7. Write an original story which relates how Jack, Gascoigne, and Mesty were trapped by brigands.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain : *Superintendence*, fantastic, cortège, exigencies, communicate, improbability, abandoned, effectually, exasperated, flinched, feuds.

2. Show the exact meaning of the prefixes in the italicised words in Question 1.

3. Punctuate :

We have enough observed don philip to arm ourselves and all the people with us and we are well armed replied Jack what now are your plans those we must consult about it appears but at this moment the conversation was interrupted by pedro he rushed in flurried and heated how now pedro back so early oh signor exclaimed the man they have taken the cart and the wine and have drawn it away up to the mountains.

4. "Signor" is the Italian word for "sir." Try to discover the corresponding word in French, Spanish, Dutch, and Hindustani. You have almost certainly read them in some of your books.

5. Write words meaning the opposite to: *Tenable, massive, temporary, ardent, secure*. Use these words in sentences.

6. Write in sixteen lines a summary of the siege. Then condense this to eight lines.

7. Analyse :

"They hammered the pieces of furniture into fragments."

"The assailants brought up a large supply of heavy stones."

"Mesty dashed a stone down on the head of Don Silvio."

"The Commandant made signs from below."

8. Add to your list of Prefixes, and learn :

a, ab, abs = away from, as in *absent*.

bi, bis = twice, as in *bisect, biscuit*.

cum = with. This prefix may take the form of *con, cor, or col*, as in *congregate, collect*.

in = in or into, as in the word *insert*.

ob, of, op = against, as in *obstacle, offend, oppose*.

pene = almost, as in *peninsula*.

preter = beyond, as in *preternatural*.

9. Give a list of words in which these prefixes appear. Test the list by using the Dictionary.

ARTISTIC ATTEMPTS

— LOUISA M. ALCOTT —

In *Little Women*, L. M. Alcott gave a vivid picture of four girls and their experiences. They were Meg, Jo, Amy, and Beth March. In *Good Wives*, from which this extract is taken, we again meet these and their friend Laurie, but all are now older. Amy, the artistic and lady-like sister, is now sixteen years of age. Hannah, who is mentioned here is the faithful old servant.

IT takes people a long time to learn the difference between talent and genius, especially ambitious young men and women. Amy was learning this distinction through much tribulation; for, mistaking enthusiasm for inspiration, she attempted every branch of art with youthful audacity. For a long time there was a lull in the "mudpie" business, and she devoted herself to the finest pen-and-ink drawings, in which she showed such taste and skill that her graceful handiwork proved both pleasant and profitable. But overstrained eyes soon caused pen and ink to be laid aside for a bold attempt at poker-sketching.

While this attack lasted, the family lived in constant fear of a conflagration; for the odour of burning wood pervaded the house at all hours; smoke issued from attic and shed with alarming frequency, red-hot pokers lay about promiscuously, and Hannah never went to bed without a pail of water and the dinner-bell at her door, in case of fire.

From fire to oil was a natural transition for burnt fingers, and Amy fell to painting with undiminished ardour. An artist friend fitted her out with his cast-off palettes, brushes and colours and she daubed away,

producing pastoral and marine views, such as were never seen on land or sea. Her monstrosities in the way of cattle would have taken prizes at an agricultural fair ; and the perilous pitching of her vessels would have produced sea-sickness in the most nautical observer, if the utter disregard to all known rules of ship-building and rigging had not convulsed him with laughter at the first glance.

Charcoal portraits came next ; and the entire family hung in a row, looking as wild and crocky as if just evoked from a coal-bin. Softened into crayon sketches, they did better ; for the likenesses were good, and Amy's hair, Jo's nose, Meg's mouth, and Laurie's eyes were pronounced "wonderfully fine." A return to clay and plaster followed, and ghostly casts of her acquaintances haunted corners of the house, or tumbled off closet-shelves on to people's heads. Children were enticed in as models, till their incoherent accounts of her mysterious doings caused Miss Amy to be regarded in the light of a young ogress. Her efforts in this line, however, were brought to an abrupt close by an untoward accident, which quenched her ardour. Other models failing her for a time, she undertook to cast her own pretty foot, and the family were one day alarmed by an unearthly bumping and screaming ; and, running to the rescue, found the young enthusiast hopping wildly about the shed, with her foot held fast in a panful of plaster, which had hardened with unexpected rapidity. With much difficulty and some danger she was dug out ; for Jo was so overcome with laughter while she excavated, that her knife went too far, cut the poor foot, and left a lasting memorial of one artistic attempt, at least.

"I want to ask a favour of you, mamma," Amy said, coming in with an important air, one day.

"Well, little girl, what is it ?" replied her mother,

in whose eyes the stately young lady still remained "the baby."

"Our drawing-class breaks up next week, and before the girls separate for the summer, I want to ask them out here for a day. They are wild to see the river, sketch the broken bridge, and copy some of the things they admire in my book. They have been very kind to me in many ways, and I am grateful; for they are all rich, and know I am poor, yet they never made any difference."

"Why should they?" and Mrs. March put the question with what the girls called her "Maria Theresa air."

"You know as well as I that it *does* make a difference with nearly every one, so don't ruffle up, like a dear, motherly hen, when your chickens get pecked by smarter birds; the ugly duckling turned out a swan, you know"; and Amy smiled without bitterness, as she possessed a happy temper and hopeful spirit.

Mrs. March laughed, and smoothed down her maternal pride, as she asked,—

"Well, my swan, what is your plan?"

"I should like to ask the girls out to lunch next week, to take them a drive to the places they want to see,—a row on the river,—perhaps, and make a little artistic *fête* for them."

"That looks feasible. What do you want for lunch? Cakes, sandwiches, fruit, and coffee will be all that is necessary, I suppose?"

"Oh dear, no! we must have cold tongue and chicken, French chocolate and ice cream, besides. The girls are used to such things, and I want my lunch to be proper and elegant, though I *do* work for my living."

"How many young ladies are there?" asked her mother, beginning to look sober.

"Twelve or fourteen in the class, but I dare say they won't all come."

"Bless me, child, you will have to charter an omnibus to carry them about."

"Why, mother, how *can* you think of such a thing! Not more than six or eight will probably come, so I shall hire a beach-waggon, and borrow Mr. Laurence's cherry-bounce" (Hannah's pronunciation for *char-a-banc*).

"All this will be expensive, Amy."

"Not very; I've calculated the cost, and I'll pay for it myself."

"Don't you think, dear, that as these girls are used to such things, and the best we can do will be nothing new, that some simpler plan would be pleasanter to them, as a change, if nothing more, and much better for us than buying or borrowing what we don't need, and attempting a style not in keeping with our circumstances?"

"If I can't have it as I like, I don't care to have it at all. I know that I can carry it out perfectly well, if you and the girls will help a little; and I don't see why I can't if I'm willing to pay for it," said Amy with the decision which opposition was apt to change into obstinacy.

"Very well, Amy; if your heart is set upon it, and you see your way through without too great an outlay of money, time, and temper, I'll say no more. Talk it over with the girls, and whichever way you decide, I'll do my best to help you."

"Thanks, mother; you are always so kind"; and away went Amy to lay her plans before her sisters.

Meg agreed at once, and promised her aid, gladly offering anything she possessed, from her little house itself to her very best salt-spoons. But Jo frowned upon the whole project, and would have nothing to do with it at first.

"Why in the world should you spend your money

worry your family, and turn the house upside down for a parcel of girls who don't care a sixpence for you? I thought you had too much pride and sense to truckle to any mortal woman just because she wears French boots and rides in a *coupé*," said Jo, who, being called from the tragical climax of her novel, was not in the best mood for social enterprises.

"I *don't* truckle, and I hate being patronised as much as you do!" returned Amy indignantly, for the two still jangled when such questions arose. "The girls do care for me, and I for them, and there's a great deal of kindness and sense and talent among them, in spite of what you call fashionable nonsense. You don't care to make people like you, to go into good society, and cultivate your manners and tastes. I do, and I mean to make the most of every chance that comes. *You* can go through the world with your elbows out and your nose in the air, and call it independence if you like. That's not my way."

The invitations were sent, nearly all accepted, and the following Monday was set apart for the grand event. Hannah was out of humour because her week's work was deranged, and prophesied that "ef the washin' and ironin' warn't done reg'lar nothin' would go well anywheres." This hitch in the mainspring of the domestic machinery had a bad effect upon the whole concern; but Amy's motto was "*Nil desperandum*," and having made up her mind what to do, she proceeded to do it in spite of all obstacles. To begin with, Hannah's cooking didn't turn out well: the chicken was tough, the tongue too soft, and the chocolate wouldn't froth properly. Then the cake and ice cost more than Amy expected, so did the waggon; and various other expenses, which seemed trifling at the outset, counted up rather alarmingly afterwards. Beth got cold and took to her bed; Meg had an unusual number of

callers to keep her at home, and Jo was in such a divided state of mind, that her breakages, accidents, and mistakes were uncommonly numerous, serious, and trying.

“If it hadn’t been for mother I never should have got through,” as Amy declared afterwards, and gratefully remembered when “the best joke of the season” was entirely forgotten by everybody else.

If it was not fair on Monday, the young ladies were to come on Tuesday—an arrangement which aggravated Jo and Hannah to the last degree. On Monday morning the weather was in that undecided state which is more exasperating than a steady pour. It drizzled a little, shone a little, blew a little, and didn’t make up its mind till it was too late for any one else to make up theirs. Amy was up at dawn, hustling people out of their beds and through their breakfasts, that the house might be got in order. The parlour struck her as looking uncommonly shabby; but without stopping to sigh for what she had not, she skilfully made the best of what she had, arranging chairs over the worn places in the carpet, covering stains on the walls with pictures framed in ivy, and filling up empty corners with home-made statuary, which gave an artistic air to the room, as did the lovely vases of flowers Jo scattered about.

The lunch looked charmingly; and, as she surveyed it, she sincerely hoped it would taste well, and that the borrowed glass, china, and silver would get safely home again. The carriages were promised; Meg and mother were all ready to do the honours. Beth was able to help Hannah behind the scenes; Jo had engaged to be as lively and amiable as an absent mind, an aching head, and a very decided disapproval of everybody and everything would allow; and, as she wearily dressed, Amy cheered herself with anticipations of the happy moment, when, lunch safely over, she would drive away

with her friends for an afternoon of artistic delights ; for the "cherry-bounce" and the broken bridge were her strong points.

Then came two hours of suspense, during which she vibrated from parlour to porch, while public opinion varied like the weather-cock. A smart shower at eleven had evidently quenched the enthusiasm of the young ladies, who were to arrive at twelve, for nobody came ; and, at two, the exhausted family sat down in a blaze of sunshine to consume the perishable portions of the feast, that nothing might be lost.

"No doubt about the weather to-day ; they will certainly come, so we must fly round and be ready for them," said Amy, as the sun woke her next morning. She spoke briskly, but in her secret soul she wished she had said nothing about Tuesday, for her interest, like her cake, was getting a little stale.

"I can't get any lobsters, so you will have to do without salad to-day," said Mr. March, coming in half an hour later, with an expression of placid despair.

"Use the chicken, then ; the toughness won't matter in a salad," advised his wife.

"Hannah left it on the kitchen table a minute, and the kittens got at it. I'm very sorry, Amy," added Beth, who was still a patroness of cats.

"Then I *must* have a lobster, for tongue alone won't do," said Amy decidedly.

"Shall I rush into town and demand one ?" asked Jo, with the magnanimity of a martyr.

"You'd come bringing it home under your arm, without any paper, just to try me. I'll go myself," answered Amy, whose temper was beginning to fail.

Shrouded in a thick veil and armed with a genteel travelling-basket, she departed, feeling that a cool drive would soothe her ruffled spirit, and fit her for the labours of the day. After some delay, the object of her desire

was procured, likewise a bottle of dressing, to prevent further loss of time at home, and off she drove again, well pleased with her own forethought.

As the omnibus contained only one other passenger, a sleepy old lady, Amy pocketed her veil, and beguiled the tedium of the way by trying to find out where all her money had gone to. So busy was she with her card full of refractory figures that she did not observe a newcomer, who entered without stopping the vehicle, till a masculine voice said, "Good-morning, Miss March!" and looking up, she beheld one of Laurie's elegant college friends. Fervently hoping that he would get out before she did, Amy utterly ignored the basket at her feet, and, congratulating herself that she had on her new travelling-dress, returned the young man's greeting with her usual suavity and spirit.

They got on excellently; for Amy's chief care was soon set at rest by learning that the gentleman would leave first, and she was chatting away in a peculiarly lofty strain, when the old lady got out. In stumbling to the door, she upset the basket, and oh, horror! the lobster, in all its vulgar size and brilliancy, was revealed to the high-born eyes of a Tudor.

"By Jove, she's forgotten her dinner!" cried the unconscious youth, poking the scarlet monster into its place with his cane, and preparing to hand out the basket after the old lady.

"Please don't—it's—it's mine," murmured Amy, with a face nearly as red as her fish.

"Oh, really, I beg pardon; it's an uncommonly fine one, isn't it?" said Tudor, with great presence of mind, and an air of sober interest that did credit to his breeding.

Amy recovered herself in a breath, set her basket boldly on the seat, and said, laughing,—

"Don't you wish you were to have some of the salad

he's to make, and to see the charming young ladies who are to eat it ? ”

Now that was tact, for two of the ruling foibles of the masculine mind were touched ; the lobster was instantly surrounded by a halo of pleasing reminiscences, and curiosity about “ the charming young ladies ” diverted his mind from the comical mishap.

“ I suppose he'll laugh and joke over it with Laurie, but I shan't see them ; that's a comfort,” thought Amy, as Tudor bowed and departed.

She did not mention this meeting at home—though she discovered, that, thanks to the upset, her new dress was much damaged by the rivulets of dressing that meandered down the skirt—but went through with the preparations which now seemed more irksome than before ; and at twelve o'clock all was ready again. Feeling that the neighbours were interested in her movements, she wished to efface the memory of yesterday's failure by a grand success to-day ; so she ordered the “ cherry-bounce,” and drove away in state to meet and escort her guests to the banquet.

“ There's the rumble, they're coming ! I'll go into the porch to meet them ; it looks hospitable, and I want the poor child to have a good time after all her trouble,” said Mrs. March, suiting the action to the word. But, after one glance, she retired, with an indescribable expression, for, looking quite lost in the big carriage, sat Amy and one young lady.

“ Run, Beth, and help Hannah clear half the things off the table ; it will be too absurd to put a luncheon for twelve before a single girl,” cried Jo, hurrying away to the lower regions, too excited to stop even for a laugh.

In came Amy quite calm, and delightfully cordial to the one guest who had kept her promise ; the rest of the family, being of a dramatic turn, played their parts equally well, and Miss Elliott found them a most

hilarious set ; for it was impossible to entirely control the merriment which possessed them. The remodelled lunch being gaily partaken of, the studio and garden visited, and art discussed with enthusiasm, Amy ordered a buggy (alas for the elegant "cherry-bounce !") and drove her friend quietly about the neighbourhood till sunset, when "the party went out."

As she came walking in, looking very tired, but as composed as ever, she observed that every vestige of the unfortunate *fête* had disappeared, except a suspicious pucker about the corners of Jo's mouth.

"You've had a lovely afternoon for your drive, dear," said her mother, as respectfully as if the whole twelve had come.

"Miss Elliott is a very sweet girl, and seemed to enjoy herself, I thought," observed Beth, with unusual warmth.

"Could you spare me some of your cake ? I really need some, I have so much company, and I can't make such delicious stuff as yours," asked Meg soberly.

"Take it all ; I'm the only one here who likes sweet things, and it will mould before I can dispose of it," answered Amy, thinking with a sigh of the generous store she had laid in for such an end as this.

"It's a pity Laurie isn't here to help us," began Jo, as they sat down to ice-cream and salad for the fourth time in two days.

A warning look from her mother checked any further remarks, and the whole family ate in heroic silence, till Mr. March mildly observed, "Salad was one of the favourite dishes of the ancients, and Evelyn——" here a general explosion of laughter cut short the "history of sallets," to the great surprise of the learned gentleman.

"Bundle everything into a basket and send it to the Hummels—Germans like messes. I'm sick of the sight of this ; and there's no reason you should all die of a surfeit because I've been a fool," cried Amy, wiping her eyes.

"I thought I *should* have died when I saw you two girls rattling about in the what-you-call-it, like two little kernels in a very big nut-shell, and mother waiting in state to receive the throng," sighed Jo, quite spent with laughter.

"I'm very sorry you were disappointed, dear, but we all did our best to satisfy you," said Mrs. March, in a tone full of motherly regret.

"I *am* satisfied; I've done what I undertook, and it's not my fault that it failed; I comfort myself with that," said Amy, with a little quiver in her voice. "I thank you all very much for helping me, and I'll thank you still more if you won't allude to it for a month, at least."

No one did for several months: but the word "*fête*" always produced a general smile, and Laurie's birthday gift to Amy was a tiny coral lobster in the shape of a charm for her watch-guard.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Read again the passage "How the Girls Kept House." This will throw light on the present chapter. Remember that four years have elapsed.
2. Give a character-sketch, based on this extract, of Amy, Jo, and Hannah.
3. This section abounds in humorous incidents. Make a list of them.
4. Which do you consider the most entertaining? Why?
5. There are also numerous amusing phrases. Copy out the most striking.
6. Write the tale which you imagine Tudor told Laurie.

7. Write a letter from Jo to a friend, giving an account of Amy's party. Remember that Jo had a keen sense of humour.

8. Why did Jo receive "*a warning look from her mother*" which checked her remarks?

9. What was Laurie's gift to Amy? Why did he give her this?

10. What passages in this extract show that Amy still longed for distinction and grandeur?

11. What shows that she had, to a great extent, overcome her tendency to selfishness?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. There are many long words in this extract. Make a list of those which are new to you, and opposite each write in simple words its meaning.

2. Explain more simply :

"It takes people a long time to learn the difference between talent and genius, especially ambitious young men and women. Amy was learning this distinction through much tribulation."

"While this attack lasted the family lived in constant fear of a conflagration."

"From fire to oil was a natural transition."

"Their incoherent accounts of her mysterious doings caused Miss Amy to be regarded in the light of a young ogress."

"Jo frowned upon the whole project."

3. Notice the word *heroic*. This is an Adjective made up from the Noun *hero* by adding *-ic*. Many Adjectives have this ending. Some occur in this extract. Search these out, and add as many others as you can, giving in each case the corresponding Noun.

4. Another Adjectival ending is *-al*. Make a list of Adjectives with this suffix, including any used in this extract.

5. Notice how Mrs. Alcott writes that Amy went off "*in state to escort her friend to the banquet.*" This is a piece of gently-sarcastic writing. It simply means she went to fetch her to dinner. These high-sounding words are used to give a sense of the importance and grandeur Amy felt. Such writing is called "mock-heroic."

6. Rewrite, in the style just mentioned :

"*They drew near the house.*"

"*She dressed in her best clothes.*"

"*After tea they played games.*"

"*So ended an enjoyable day.*"

7. Write the Adverbs and Nouns which correspond to these Adjectives: *Obstinate, exasperating, incoherent, mysterious, elegant, decided, weary, magnanimous, respectful, warm, generous.*

THE DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL

— CHARLES DICKENS —

Charles Dickens not only was a great humorist, but also possessed a wonderful power of pathos. The death-scene depicted here is recognised as one of the masterpieces of English literature. Mr. Dombey, a proud, cold, rich merchant, had a daughter Florence, whom he neglected, and a little boy, Paul, whom he idolised, because he desired him to grow up to control the great business of Dombey and Son. Paul's mother was dead; he dearly loved Florence; and being a gentle little fellow, every one liked him and was kind to him, though they puzzled him sometimes by saying that he was "old-fashioned." His health failed; a visit to the seaside did not restore it, and so he was brought back to the great house in London.

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through

the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city ; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out ! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself ; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun ; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured ! he saw—the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below ; the servants in the house were roused and busy ; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his

attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!"

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch *you*, now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him: bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it, now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Doctor Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps, was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin dozing in an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly, if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there, with fear.

“Floy!” he said. “What is that?”

“Where, dearest?”

“There! at the bottom of the bed.”

“There’s nothing there, except papa!”

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: “My own boy! Don’t you know me?”

Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

“Don’t be so sorry for me, dear papa! Indeed I am quite happy!”

His father coming and bending down to him—

which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, “Don’t be so sorry for me! Indeed I am quite happy!” This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now, to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him, yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

“Floy, did I ever see mamma?”

“No, darling; why?”

“Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma’s, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?”

He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

“Oh yes, dear!”

“Whose, Floy?”

“Your old nurse’s. Often.”

“And where is my old nurse?” said Paul. “Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?”

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

“Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!”

“She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.”

“Thank you, Floy!”

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, “Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?”

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

“And who is this? Is this my old nurse?” said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear

boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy! this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here."

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that, who said 'Walter'?" he asked, looking round. "Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favourite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" said Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye?"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond

of Walter ! ” The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried “ good-bye ! ” to Walter once again.

“ Now lay me down,” he said, “ and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you ! ”

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

“ How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy ! But it’s very near the sea. I hear the waves ! They always said so ! ”

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes ! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank ?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it ; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

“ Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face ! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go ! ”

.

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion ! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death !

Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality ! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean !

In later years Mr. Dombey’s pride was softened, and he learned to love Florence as she deserved.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Charles Dickens, like most of the greatest authors, was able to write very amusingly when he wished. Mention one of his books which contains a great deal of humour, and refer to any particularly humorous scenes.
2. But at other times Dickens showed a most remarkable power of *pathos*; that is, of describing sad scenes. This is one of the most celebrated. Others are the death of Little Nell (*Old Curiosity Shop*, chap. lxxi.), and of Jo the crossing-sweeper (*Bleak House*, chap. xlvii.). Read these.
3. But neither rises to the level of the extract given here. It is said that the great novelist, Thackeray, having read this chapter when it first appeared, said to some friends, "Read that. How can I compete with that?" What did he mean?
4. The style is very careful and polished. Every word is carefully chosen. Notice that at times the sentences are actually blank verse, e.g., *Now the boat was out at sea but gliding smoothly on*. Try to find other examples.
5. A feature of Dickens' style in his best chapters is that some incident, some thought, some phrase, recurs again and again. What is it in this case?
6. The chapter is very, very sad. Yet there is joy in it too. Show that this is so.
7. It is very clear that everyone loved Paul. What shows this?
8. Why was it that the people changed? How could Sir Parker Peps become Paul's father?
9. What shows that Paul's stern, proud, silent father loved him dearly?
10. Which is the most touching incident of the whole chapter?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. The choice of words in this extract is very fine, *e.g.* (a) "Paul lay there quite *tranquilly*." This word is much better than *quietly*. The latter would mean only that he gave no trouble. But the former means also that he felt at peace. (b) "He watched the gloom *deepen, deepen, deepen* into night." The repetition conveys the sense of a darkness gradually growing more intense.

Find as many other examples as you can, giving the force of each.

2. Why do you think these are particularly good :

"He felt forced to stem it with his *childish* hands."

"He would watch the *many-coloured* ring round the candle."

"The room was so quiet and Paul so observant of them *that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches*."

" 'Ah, yes,' he said *placidly*, 'good-bye.' "

3. Notice the beautiful Simile: "When the sunbeams . . . quivered on the opposite wall *like golden water*." Why is this particularly good ?

Search for other Similes and set them out.

4. SUFFIXES. Note these Suffixes, all meaning *state* : -age, -dom, -ness, -hood, as in dotage, kingdom, gentleness, childhood. Give as long a list as you can of words with these endings, showing their use.

5. PERSON. Personal Pronouns may refer to the person (or persons) speaking, or to the person spoken to, or to the person spoken about. We express this by saying that Pronouns may be in the First, Second, or Third Person.

Examples : *First Person* : I, we, mine, our, us, myself.

Second Person : Ye, you, yours, yourselves.

Third Person : He, she, it, they, them, themselves.

6. In the passage, "*One night* (p. 95) . . . *trembled very much* (p. 96)," select all the Pronouns, and arrange them in three columns according to the Person.

TOBY

— DR. JOHN BROWN —

Dr. John Brown, a Scotch surgeon and author, had a great love for animals; and in the essay, *Our Dogs*, he gives an account of some of the dogs his people had kept.

IT was not till I was at college, and my brother at the High School, that we possessed a dog.

Toby was the most utterly shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld; in one word, a *tyke*. He had not one good feature except his teeth and eyes, and his bark, if that can be called a feature. He was not ugly enough to be interesting; his colour black and white, his shape leggy and clumsy. My brother William found him the centre of attraction to a multitude of small blackguards who were drowning him slowly in Lochend Loch, doing their best to lengthen out the process, and secure the greatest amount of fun with the nearest approach to death. Even then Toby showed his great intellect by pretending to be dead, and thus gaining time and an inspiration. William bought him for twopence, and as he had it not, the boys accompanied him to Pilrig Street, when I happened to meet him, and, giving the twopence to the biggest boy, had the satisfaction of seeing a general engagement of much severity, during which the twopence disappeared; one penny going off with a very small and swift boy, and the other vanishing hopelessly into the grating of a drain.

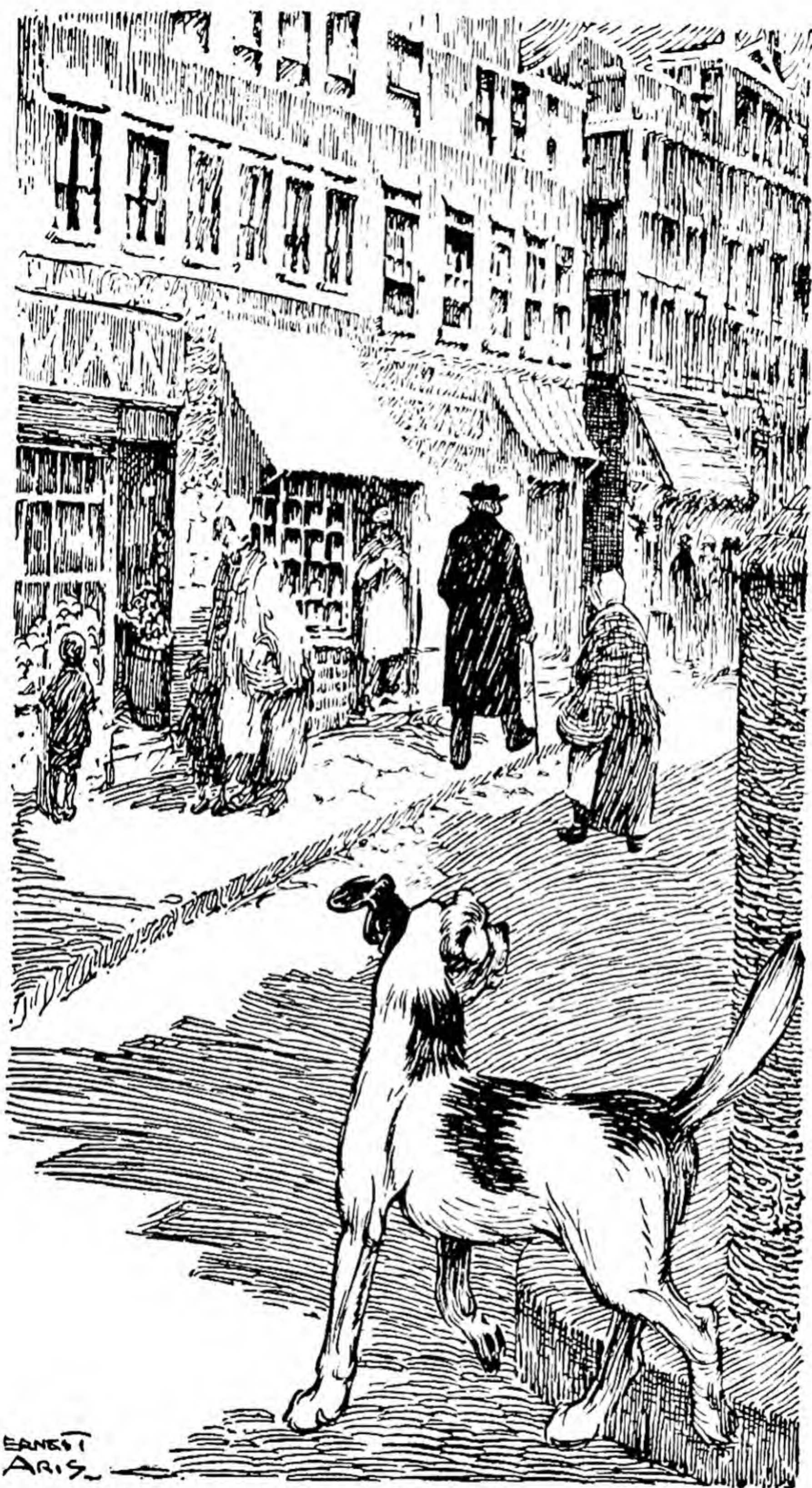
Toby was for weeks in the house unbeknown to any one but our two selves and the cook, and from my grandmother's love of tidiness and hatred of dogs and

of dirt, I believe she would have expelled "him whom we saved from drowning" had not he, in his straightforward way, walked into my father's bedroom one night when he was bathing his feet, and introduced himself with a wag of his tail, intimating a general willingness to be happy. My father laughed most heartily, and at last Toby, having got his way to his bare feet, and having begun to lick his soles and between his toes with his small rough tongue, my father gave such an unwonted shout of laughter that we—grandmother, sisters, and all of us—went in. Grandmother might argue with all her energy and skill, but Toby's tongue and fun proved too many for grandmother's eloquence. I somehow think Toby must have been up to all this, for I think he had a peculiar love for my father ever after, and regarded grandmother from that hour with a careful and cool eye.

Toby, when full grown, was a strong coarse dog: coarse in shape, in countenance, in hair, and in manner. He was of the bull-terrier variety. His teeth were good, and he had a large skull, and a rich bark as of a dog three times his size, and a tail which I never saw equalled; it was of immense girth and not short, equal throughout, like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler.

When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding, mighty stroke which shook the house; this, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door, with a sudden and vigorous stroke.

With all this inbred vulgar air, he was a dog of great moral excellence, affectionate, faithful, honest



ERNEST
ARIS

*"He kept him in view from the opposite side
like a detective."*

up to his light, with an odd humour as peculiar and as strong as his tail. My father, in his reserved way, was very fond of him, and there must have been very funny scenes with them, for we heard bursts of laughter issuing from his study when they two were by themselves; there was something in him that took that grave, beautiful, melancholy face. One can fancy him in the midst of his books, and sacred work and thoughts, pausing and looking at the secular Toby, who was looking out for a smile to begin his rough fun, and about to end by coursing and *gurrin'* round the room, upsetting my father's books, laid out on the floor for consultation, and himself nearly at times, as he stood watching him—and off his guard and shaking with laughter. Toby had always a great desire to accompany my father up to town; this my father's good taste and sense of dignity, besides his fear of losing his friend (a vain fear!) forbade, and as the decision of character of each was great and nearly equal, it was often a drawn game. Toby, ultimately, by making it his entire object, triumphed. He usually was nowhere to be seen on my father leaving; he however saw him, and lay in wait at the head of the street, and up Leith Walk he kept him in view from the opposite side like a detective, and then, when he knew it was hopeless to hound him home, he crossed unblushingly over, and joined company, excessively rejoiced, of course.

One Sunday he had gone with him to church, and left him at the vestry door. The second psalm was given out, and my father was sitting back in the pulpit, when the door at its back, up which he came from the vestry, was seen to move, and gently open, then, after a long pause, a black shining snout pushed its way steadily into the congregation, and was followed by Toby's entire body. He looked somewhat abashed,

but snuffing his friend, he advanced as if on thin ice, and not seeing him, put his forelegs on the pulpit, and behold there he was, his own familiar chum. I watched all this, and anything more beautiful than his look of happiness, of comfort, of entire ease when he beheld his friend—the smoothing down of the anxious ears, the swing of gladness of that mighty tail—I don't expect soon to see. My father quietly opened the door, and Toby was at his feet and invisible to all but himself; had he sent old George Peaston, the “minister's man,” to put him out, Toby would probably have shown his teeth, and astonished George. He slunk home as soon as he could, and never repeated that exploit.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Most people who have the power to write well are eager to do so. Dr. John Brown was not. He did not consider himself nearly as good a writer as he actually was. His friends pressed him to write, and the public read his works with eagerness. The charming essay, *Our Dogs*, appears in a volume with a very forbidding title: *Horæ Subsecivæ*. All his writing is marked by great kindliness of heart. What passages here show that this is so?

2. The doctor loved children and animals. Is there anything in this extract that would lead you to feel this was the case?

3. Try, from memory, to reproduce the portrait he gives of Toby.

4. Narrate some of the features in Toby's character that made him loved.

5. There must have been some amusing scenes in the study of Toby's master. Write an imaginary one, giving the minister's remarks to the dog.

6. There is much humour here, but it is chiefly of a quiet sort, at which we smile, but do not laugh outright. It is very different, for instance, from that of Captain Marryat. Part of it is in the scenes themselves. Show the amusing points in (a) Toby's admission to the house ; (b) The way he accompanied his master through the town ; (c) The way he went to church.

7. But the wording of the incidents is amusing also, e.g., one of the pennies went "*off with a very small and swift boy.*" Find other examples.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Dr. Brown wrote as he talked. Occasionally there is a quaint Scotch phrase, or a passage which is pleasing, but not dignified. This gives a *homely* air to the whole. Such an example is "*Toby must have been up to all this.*" Find other illustrations.

2. Explain the suitability of these phrases :

"A crowd of *small blackguards.*"

"He regarded my grandmother with a *cool and careful eye.*"

"He was a dog of *great moral excellence.*"

"Toby ultimately, *by making it his entire object,* triumphed."

3. Some of the sentences are very long. Break up into shorter sentences : (a) "*Toby was for weeks . . . happy*" ; (b) "*One can fancy . . . laughter*" ; (c) "*The second psalm . . . body.*"

4. GENDER. Nouns or Pronouns which indicate male creatures are said to be Masculine Gender ; those indicating females, Feminine Gender ; those referring to objects

possessing no sex, Neuter Gender ; and words which might refer either to males or females, Common Gender.

Thus :

Man, boy, he, him, are Masculine.

Woman, girl, she, lioness, are Feminine.

Brick, book, it, are Neuter.

Sheep, bird, people, are Common.

This is very easily understood.

5. FORMATION OF GENDERS. Feminine forms may arise in more than one way : (a) By adding to the Masculine *-ess, -trix* ; (b) By using a separate word.

Write the Feminine Gender of : *Tiger, leopard, emperor, author, abbot, mayor, lord, brother, earl, gander, husband, executor, nephew, son, uncle, wizard.*

DRAKE IN THE PACIFIC

— J. A. FROUDE —

James Anthony Froude (1818–1894) was a most brilliant English historian. He delighted especially in the achievements of the Elizabethan seamen, and recorded many of their daring exploits in his absorbingly interesting book, *English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century*. Here he gives a vivid account of Francis Drake's voyage round the world. Drake set sail from Plymouth on 15th November 1577, having under his command the *Pelican* (later rechristened the *Golden Hind*), the *Elizabeth* (under Captain Winter), the *Marigold*, and two smaller vessels. Crossing the Atlantic they drew near to Magellan Straits; and Drake put into a harbour on the desolate coast of Patagonia, and there dealt sternly with a case of disobedience. It is at this point that we take up the story.

IT was now midwinter, the stormiest season of the year, and they remained for six weeks in Port St. Julian. They burnt the twelve-ton pinnace, as too small for the work they had now before them,

and there remained only the *Pelican*, the *Elizabeth*, and the *Marigold*. In cold wild weather they weighed at last, and on 20th August made the opening of Magellan's Straits. The passage is seventy miles long, tortuous and dangerous. They had no charts. The ships' boats led, taking soundings as they advanced. Icy mountains overhung them on either side; heavy snow fell below. They brought up occasionally at an island to rest the men, and let them kill a few seals and penguins to give them fresh food. Everything they saw was new, wild, and wonderful.

Having to feel their way, they were three weeks in getting through. They had counted on reaching the Pacific that the worst of their work was over, and that they could run north at once into warmer and calmer latitudes. The peaceful ocean, when they entered it, proved the stormiest they had ever sailed on. A fierce westerly gale drove them 600 miles to the south-east outside the Horn. It had been supposed, hitherto, that Tierra del Fuego was solid land to the South Pole, and that the Straits were the only communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific. They now learnt the true shape and character of the Western Continent. In the latitude of Cape Horn a westerly gale blows for ever round the globe; the waves the highest anywhere known. The *Marigold* went down in the tremendous encounter. Captain Winter, in the *Elizabeth*, made his way back into Magellan's Straits. There he lay for three weeks, lighting fires nightly to show Drake where he was, but no Drake appeared. They had agreed, if separated, to meet on the coast in the latitude of Valparaiso; but Winter was chicken-hearted, or else traitorous like Doughty, and sore, we are told, "against the mariners' will," when the three weeks were out, he sailed away for England, where he reported that all

the ships were lost but the *Pelican*, and that the *Pelican* was probably lost too.

Drake had believed better of Winter, and had not expected to be so deserted. He had himself taken refuge among the islands which form the Cape, waiting for the spring and milder weather. He used the time in making surveys, and observing the habits of the native Patagonians, whom he found a tough race, going naked amidst ice and snow. The days lengthened and the sea smoothed at last. He then sailed for Valparaiso, hoping to meet Winter there, as he had arranged. At Valparaiso there was no Winter, but there was in the port instead a great galleon just come in from Peru. The galleon's crew took him for a Spaniard, hoisted their colours, and beat their drums. The *Pelican* shot alongside. The English sailors in high spirits leapt on board. A Plymouth lad who could speak Spanish knocked down the first man he met with an "Abajo, perro!" "Down, you dog, down!" No life was taken; Drake never hurt man if he could help it. The crew crossed themselves, jumped overboard, and swam ashore. The prize was examined. Four hundred pounds' weight of gold was found in her, besides other plunder.

The galleon being disposed of, Drake and his men pulled ashore to look at the town. The people had all fled. In the church they found a chalice, two cruets, and an altar-cloth, which were made over to the chaplain to improve his Communion furniture. A few pipes of wine and a Greek pilot who knew the way to Lima completed the booty.

"Shocking piracy," you will perhaps say. But what Drake was doing would have been all right and good service had war been declared, and the essence of things does not alter with the form. In essence there *was* war, deadly war, between Philip and

Elizabeth. Even later, when the Armada sailed, there had been no formal declaration. The reality is the important part of the matter. It was but stroke for stroke, and the English arm proved the stronger.

Still hoping to find Winter in advance of him, Drake went on next to Tarapaca, where silver from the Andes mines was shipped for Panama. At Tarapaca there was the same unconsciousness of danger. The silver bars lay piled on the quay, the muleteers who had brought them were sleeping peacefully in the sunshine at their side. The muleteers were left to their slumbers. The bars were lifted into the English boats. A train of mules or llamas came in at the moment with a second load as rich as the first. This, too, went into the *Pelican's* hold. The bullion taken at Tarapaca was worth near half a million ducats.

Still there was no news of Winter. Drake began to realise that he was now entirely alone, and had only himself and his own crew to depend on. There was nothing to do but to go through with it, danger adding to the interest. Arica was the next point visited. Half a hundred blocks of silver were picked up at Arica. After Arica came Lima, the chief depôt of all, where the grandest haul was looked for. At Lima, alas! they were just too late. Twelve great hulks lay anchored there. The sails were unbent, the men were ashore. They contained nothing but some chests of reals and a few bales of silk and linen. But a thirteenth, called by the gods *Our Lady of the Conception*, called by men *Cacafuego*, a name incapable of translation, had sailed a few days before for the isthmus, with the whole produce of the Lima mines for the season. Her ballast was silver, her cargo gold and emeralds and rubies.

Drake deliberately cut the cables of the ships in the roads, that they might drive ashore and be unable

to follow him. The *Pelican* spread her wings, every feather of them, and sped away in pursuit. He would know the *Cacafuego*, so he learnt at Lima, by the peculiar cut of her sails. The first man who caught sight of her was promised a gold chain for his reward. A sail was seen on the second day. It was not the chase, but it was worth stopping for. Eighty pounds' weight of gold was found, and a great gold crucifix, set with emeralds said to be as large as pigeons' eggs. They took the kernel. They left the shell. Still on and on. We learn from the Spanish accounts that the Viceroy of Lima, as soon as he recovered from his astonishment, despatched ships in pursuit. They came up with the last plundered vessel, heard terrible tales of the rovers' strength, and went back for a larger force. The *Pelican*, meanwhile, went along upon her course for 800 miles. At length, when in the latitude of Quito and close under the shore, the *Cacafuego's* peculiar sails were sighted, and the gold chain was claimed. There she was, freighted with the fruit of Aladdin's garden, going lazily along a few miles ahead. Care was needed in approaching her. If she guessed the *Pelican's* character, she would run in upon the land and they would lose her. It was afternoon. The sun was still above the horizon, and Drake meant to wait till night, when the breeze would be off the shore, as in the tropics it always is.

The *Pelican* sailed two feet to the *Cacafuego's* one. Drake filled his empty wine-skins with water and trailed them astern to stop his way. The chase supposed that she was followed by some heavy-loaded trader, and, wishing for company on a lonely voyage, she slackened sail and waited for him to come up. At length the sun went down into the ocean, the rosy light faded from off the snows of the Andes; and when both ships had become invisible from the shore,

the skins were hauled in, the night wind rose, and the water began to ripple under the *Pelican's* bows. The *Cacafuego* was swiftly overtaken, and, when within a cable's length, a voice hailed her to put her head into the wind. The Spanish commander, not understanding so strange an order, held on his course. A broadside brought down his mainyard, and a flight of arrows rattled on his deck. He was himself wounded. In a few minutes he was a prisoner, and *Our Lady of the Conception* and her precious freight were in the corsair's power. The wreck was cut away; the ship was cleared; a prize crew was put on board. Both vessels turned their heads to the sea. At daybreak no land was to be seen, and the examination of the prize began. The full value was never acknowledged. The invoice, if there was one, was destroyed. The accurate figures were known only to Drake and Queen Elizabeth. A published schedule acknowledged to twenty tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of silver coins, and a hundredweight of gold, but there were gold nuggets besides in indefinite quantity, and "a great store" of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds. The Spanish Government proved a loss of a million and a half ducats, excluding what belonged to private persons. The total capture was immeasurably greater.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This is a fine stirring passage. The author believed that History must picture vividly the events it describes. Notice the fire of the whole story, and the quick movement. Give instances of these qualities.
2. Like many other writers, as he approaches a stirring episode Froude drops into short, quick sentences. Give instances of this.
3. What writer have we discussed who did not do this?
4. Give in your own words an account of what happened at Magellan's Straits, at Valparaiso, at Tarapaca, and at Lima.
5. Draw a map showing Drake's route as far as this extract goes.
6. Obtain, if possible, a copy of Froude's book or a history book giving an account of the voyage, and finish the map.
7. Imagine you were one of Drake's crew. Describe the capture of the great galleon.
8. Is it inaccurate to describe Drake as a pirate?
9. Write a short biography of Drake, first reading, if possible, Sir Rennell Rodd's poem on his burial.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write short notes on : *Magellan's Straits*, "the peaceful ocean," *Cape Horn*, *Tierra del Fuego*, *Valparaiso*, *Lima*.
2. What is the meaning of : *Muleteers*, *llamas*, *a schedule*, *ballast*, *a galleon*?

3. Notice the phrase "*They weighed at last.*" This means that they hauled up their anchor and began the voyage. Explain these phrases: "*To feel their way*"; "*to take soundings*"; "*to heave the lead*"; "*to tack*"; "*to furl the sails*"; "*to reef the sails*"; "*to clear the decks*"; "*to lay a course.*"

4. Explain:

"*The 'Pelican' spread her wings, every feather of them.*"

"*There she was, freighted with the fruit of Aladdin's garden.*"

"*The invoice, if there was one, was destroyed.*"

"*They took the kernel, they left the shell.*"

5. Analyse:

"*A fierce westerly gale drove them more than six hundred miles to the south-east.*"

"*They now learned the true shape and character of the Western Continent.*"

"*In the latitude of Cape Horn a westerly gale blows for ever round the globe.*"

"*At length the sun went down into the ocean.*"

6. COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES. Consider these phrases from this extract: "*A fierce westerly gale*"; "*warmer latitudes*"; "*the stormiest ocean.*" It is clear that the Adjectives here represent different degrees of strength or emphasis. The term used to express this is Degrees of Comparison. There are three such steps or Degrees, which we call Positive, Comparative, Superlative. Thus the Adjective *strong* is compared as follows: *Strong, stronger, strongest.*

Compare these Adjectives: *Bold, fierce, stormy, new, wild, cold, small.*

7. But for certain comparisons the words *more, most*, are used before the Adjective: *Tortuous, more tortuous, most tortuous.* Compare these Adjectives: *Dangerous, wonderful, westerly, solid, tremendous.*

8. Select ten other Adjectives from the extract and give their comparison.

OWD BOB AND RED WULL

— ALFRED OLLIVANT —

These extracts are taken from *Owd Bob*—one of the most wonderful animal stories ever written. Bob was a sheep-dog owned by a silent, stern, but kindly farmer named James Moore. They dwelt among the dales of Cumberland, and it was the hope of every native Dalesman that Bob would win outright the coveted cup, competed for by all the famous sheep-dogs of Britain. His great rival was Red Wull, or “the tailless tyke,” owned by a morose, evil-tempered Scotsman named Adam M’Adam.

I. OWD BOB

NO man can mistake the type. A Grey Dog of Kenmuir is as little indistinct as a Raphael’s Madonna. Outside a radius of twenty miles from Kenmuir he is never met. Money cannot win one, neither love ; for a Moore would as soon think to sell his child as part with a Grey Dog.

But should you, while wandering in the wild sheep-land about the twin Pikes, happen on moor or in market upon a very perfect gentle knight clothed in dark grey habit, splashed here and there with rays of moon ; free by right divine of the guild of gentlemen, strenuous as a prince, lithe as a rowan, graceful as a girl, with high king-carriage, motions and manners of a fairy queen ; should he have a noble breadth of brow, an air of still strength born of right confidence, all unassuming ; last, and most unfailing test of all, should you look into two snowcloud eyes, calm, wistful, inscrutable, their soft depths clothed on with eternal sadness—yearning, as is said, for the soul that is not theirs—know then you look upon one of the line of most illustrious sheep-dogs of the North.

Such is one ; such are all. And such was Owd Bob o' Kenmuir—owd, young though he was, by reason of that sprinkling shower of snow upon the dome of his head.

II. THE TAILLESS TYKE

THE Tailless Tyke had now grown into a huge Cerberus. Deep-chested as a barrel ; legs like Gothic arches ; great bull-head ; lower jaw reaching perpetually forward as if for prey ; eyes scowling always askance ; cropped ears perking mouse-like on a round bald skull ; a coat like coir ; and back running up from shoulder to loins, abruptly terminated by the knob-like tail ; and when he regarded you his eyes rolled round and his head moved not at all. In all, he looked like the Satan of a dog's Hell.

And he looked only less wicked than he was. He feared neither man nor dog nor devil. He never attacked unprovoked ; but a challenge was never ignored, and he loved insults and sought for them. Already he had nigh killed Rob Saunderson's Shep ; Long Kirby glanced round uneasily at the muffled slop-slop of his coming ; ay, he had even fought a round with that redoubtable trio, the Wexer, Wenus, and Wan Tromp ; and not been worsted.

More than once he and Owd Bob had essayed to wipe out mutual memories, Red Wull in this case always the aggressor. As yet, however, while they fenced for that deathly throat-grip, the value of which each knew so well, James Moore had always intervened.

"That's right ; hide him ahint yer petticoats," sneered M'Adam, on one such occasion.

"Hide ? 'Twillna be him I'll hide, I's uphod thee, M'Adam !" the Master answered grimly, as he twirled his good oak-staff between the would-be duellists.

Whereat was a derisive laugh at the little man's expense.

It seemed there were to be other points of enmity between the two than memories. For in the matter of his business—the marshalling of sheep—Red Wull bid fair to be second only throughout the Dale-land to the Grey Dog of Kenmuir. Their styles, indeed, were all antithesis: the one quiet, persuasive, a woman in tact, a Solomon in wisdom, a very Bayard in action; the other terrific in his truculence, strong as Samson, violent as Saul.

III. HOW THE TWO DOGS WORKED

HARD on the heels of a sweltering autumn the winter came down. In that year the Dale-land assumed very early its white cloak. The Silver Mere was soon ice-veiled; the Wastrel rolled sullenly down below Kenmuir, its creeks and quiet places tented with jagged sheets of ice; while the Scaur and Muir Pike raised hoary heads against the blue.

It was the season still remembered in the North as the White Winter; the worst, they say, since the famous 1808.

For days together Jim Mason was stuck with his bags in the Dalesman's Daughter; and there was no communication between the two Dales. The lean hill-foxes assumed an almost wolfish ferocity, hunting in packs, pulling down great-grown sheep at the very gates of the folds. On the moors the only break in the eternal white would be a carrion crow flapping along, coal-black against the snow; a grouse, sentinel at a burrow's mouth; and the dark screens of night-capped wood. On the Mere Marches the snow massed deep and impassable in thick, billowy drifts. In the Devil's Bowl men said it lay piled some score feet deep.

And sheep, seeking shelter in the ghylls and protected spots, were buried and lost in their hundreds.

That is the time to test the hearts of shepherds and sheep-dogs, when the wind runs ice-cold across the waste of white, and the low woods on the upland walks shiver black through a veil of snow, and sheep must be found and folded or lost : a trial of head as well as heart, of resource as well as resolution.

In that winter more than one man and many a dog lost his life in the quiet performance of his duty, gliding to death over the slippery snowshelves, or overwhelmed beneath an avalanche of the warm suffocating white : "smooored," as they call it. Many a deed was done, many a death died, recorded only in that Book which holds the names of those—men or animals, souls or no souls—who Tried.

They found old Wrottesley, the Squire's head shepherd, lying one morning at Cill's Foot like a statue in its white bed, the snow gently blowing about the venerable face, calm and beautiful in death. And stretched upon his bosom, her master's hands, blue and stiff, still clasped about her neck, his old dog, Jess. She had huddled there as a last hope to keep the dear, dead master warm, her great heart riven, hoping where there was no hope. That night she followed him to herd sheep in a better land. Death from exposure, Dingley, the vet., gave it ; but as little M'Adam, his eyes dimmer than their wont, declared huskily, "We ken better, Wullie."

Cyril Gilbraith, a young man not overburdened with emotions, told with a sob in his voice how, at the terrible Rowan Crag, Jim Mason had stood, impotent, dumb, big-eyed, watching Betsy—Betsy, the friend and partner of the last ten years—slipping over the ice-cold surface, silently appealing to the hand that had never failed her before—sliding to Eternity.

In the Dale-land that winter the endurance of many a shepherd and his dog was strained past breaking-point. From the frozen Black Water to the white-peaked Grammoch Pike two men only, each always with his shaggy adjutant, never owned defeat, never turned back, never failed in a thing attempted.

In the following spring Mr. Tinkerton, the Squire's agent, declared that James Moore and Adam M'Adam—Owd Bob, rather, and Red Wull—had lost between them fewer sheep than any single farmer on the whole March Mere estate—a proud record.

Of the two many a tale was told that winter at wayside inn and lonely cottage. They were invincible, incomparable: worthy antagonists.

It was Owd Bob who, when he could not *drive* the band of Black-faces over the narrow Razor-back which led to safety, induced them to *follow* him across that ten-inch death track, one by one, like children behind their mistress. It was Red Wull who was seen coming down the precipitous Saddler's How shouldering up that grand old gentleman, King o' the Dale, whose leg was broken.

The grey dog it was who found Cyril Gilbraith by the White Stones with a cigarette and a sprained ankle, on the night the whole village was out with lanterns searching for that well-loved young scapegrace. It was the Tailless Tyke and his master who, one bitter evening, came upon Mrs. Burton lying in a huddle beneath the lea of the fast-whitening Druid's Pillar with her latest baby on her breast. It was little M'Adam who took off his coat and wrapped the child in it; little M'Adam who unwound his plaid, threw it like a breast-band across the dog's mighty chest, and tied the ends round the clemm'd woman's waist. Red Wull it was who dragged her back to the Sylvester Arms and life, straining like a giant through the

snow; while his master staggered behind with the babe in his arms.

IV. THE CONTEST FOR THE CUP

Bob had won the cup twice; if he won it again it was the property of James Moore for ever.

CUP DAY.

It broke calm and beautiful, no cloud on the horizon, no threat of storm in the air; a fitting day on which the Shepherds' Trophy must be won outright.

And well it was so. For never since the founding of the Dale Trials had such a concourse been gathered together on the north bank of the Silver Lea. From the Highlands they came; from the far Campbell country; from the Peak; from the county of many acres; from all along the silver fringes of the Solway, assembling in that quiet corner of the earth to see the famous Grey Dog of Kenmuir fight his last great battle for the Shepherds' Trophy.

From the break of day the good pike-road from Grammoch-town groaned with traffic. By noon the gaunt Scaur looked down on such a gathering as it had never seen. The paddock at the back of the Dalesman's Daughter was packed with a clammering, chattering multitude: animated groups of farmers; bevvies of stolid rustics; sharp-faced townsmen; loud-voiced bookmakers, thrown together like toys in a sawdust bath; whilst here and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, a lonely man and wise-faced dog, come from afar to wrest his proud title from the best sheep-dog in the North.

Across the Silver Lea was a little group of judges, inspecting the course.

The line laid out ran thus. The sheep must first be found on the Fells to the right of the starting flag;

then up the slope and away from the spectators, round a flag and obliquely down the hill again; through a gap in the wall; along the hillside, parallel to the Silver Lea; abruptly to the left through a pair of flags—the trickiest turn of them all; then down the slope to the pen, which was set up close to the plank-bridge over the stream.

Across the stream is clustered about the starting-flag the finest array of sheep-dogs ever seen together.

“I’ve never seen such a field, and I’ve seen fifty!” is Parson Leggy’s verdict.

There, beside his master, stands Owd Bob, observed of all. With curtseying quarters, silver-waving brush, and dark head proudly high, he scans his challengers. Over against him that mean, light-limbed, terrier-like black is the unbeaten Pip, winner of the Cambrian Stakes at Llangollen—as many hold, the best of all the good dogs that have come from sheep-dotted Wales. Beside him, the splendid sable collie, with the tremendous coat and slash of white on throat and face, is the famous MacCallum More, fresh from his victory at the Highland meeting. The grizzled bob-tail with high curt quarters and blue eyes staring through their shaggy veil, is the champion of the Southern Downs—Sir Galahad. That wolfish black-and-tan is Jess, on whom the Yorkshiremen are laying as though they loved her; she, they affirm, can catch a hare in a fair course. Besides these, Tupper’s big blue Rasper is there, Londesley’s Lassie, and many more—too many to mention: big and small, grand and mean, smooth and rough—and not a bad dog amongst them.

And alone, his back to the others, stands a little, bowed, conspicuous form—Adam M’Adam; while the great dog beside him, scowling incarnation of defiance, is Red Wull, the Terror o’ the Border.

The Tailless Tyke had already run up his fighting colours. For MacCallum More, advancing to examine this forlorn great adversary, had conceived for him a violent antipathy, and straightway had spun at him with all the fury of the Highland cateran, who attacks first and explains afterwards. Red Wull had turned on him with savage, silent gluttony; bob-tailed Rasper was racing up to join the attack, and in another second all three would have been locked inseparably; but just in time M'Adam intervened.

Then one of the judges came hurrying up.

"Mr. M'Adam," he cried angrily, "if that brute of yours gets fighting again, hang me if I don't disqualify him!"

A dull flush of passion swept across the little man's face. "Come here, Wullie!" he called. "Gin yon Hielant tyke attacks ye agin, ye're to be disqualified."

He was unheeded. The battle for the Cup had begun, little Pip leading the dance.

On the opposite slope the babel had subsided now. Hucksters left their wares, and bookmakers their stools, to watch the struggle. Every eye was intent on the moving figures of man and dog and three sheep across the stream.

One after one the competitors ran their course and penned their sheep: there was no single failure. And all received their just meed of applause save only Adam M'Adam's Red Wull.

Last of all, when Owd Bob trotted up to uphold his title, there went up such a roar as made Maggie's wan cheeks to blush with pleasure, and Wee Anne to scream right lustily.

His was an incomparable exhibition. Sheep should be humoured rather than hurried; coaxed rather than coerced. And that sheep-dog has attained the summit of his art, who subdues himself and leads his sheep in

pretending to be led. Well might the bosoms of the Dalesmen swell with pride as they watched ; well might Tammias pull out that hackneyed phrase—"the brains of a man and the way of a woman" ; well might the crowd bawl their enthusiasm, and Long Kirby puff his cheeks, and rattle the money in his trousers pockets.

But of this part it is enough to say that in the end Pip, Owd Bob, and Red Wull were selected to fight out the struggle afresh.

The course was altered and stiffened. Beyond the stream it remained unchanged : up the slope ; round a flag ; down the hill again ; through a gap in the wall ; along the hillside ; down through the two flags ; turn, and to the stream again. But the pen was now moved from its former position, carried over the bridge, up the near slope, and the hurdles put together at the very foot of the multitude.

A stiff course if ever there was one ; and the time allowed, ten short minutes.

The spectators hustled and elbowed in endeavours to obtain posts of vantage. And well they might ; for about to begin was the finest exhibition of sheep-handling any man there was ever to behold.

Evan Jones and little Pip led off.

Those two, who had won on many a hard-fought field, worked together as they had never worked before. Smooth and swift, like a yacht in Southampton Water ; round the flag ; through the gap ; down between the two flags—accomplishing right well that awkward turn ; and back to the bridge.

There they halted : the sheep would not face the narrow way. Once, twice, and again, they broke ;

and each time the gallant Pip, his tongue out and tail quivering, brought them back to the bridge-head.

At length one faced it ; then another and—it was too late. Time was up. The judges signalled ; and the Welshman called off his dog and withdrew.

Out of sight of mortal eye, in a dip of the ground, Evan Jones sat down and took the small dark head between his knees ; and you may be sure the dog's heart was heavy as the man's. " We did our best, Pip," he cried brokenly ; " but we're beat—the first time ever we've been."

No time to dally.

James Moore and Owd Bob were off on their last run.

No applause this time ; not a voice was raised ; anxious faces ; twitching fingers ; the whole crowd tense as a stretched wire. A false turn, a wilful sheep, a cantankerous judge, and the grey dog would be beat. And not a man there but knew it.

Yet over the stream master and dog went about their business, never so quiet, never so collected ; for all the world as though rounding up a flock on the Muir Pike.

The old dog found his sheep in a twinkling ; and from the first it was evident they were a wild, scared trio. Rounding the first flag, one bright-eyed wether made a dash for the open. He was quick ; but the grey dog was quicker : a splendid recover, and a sound like a sob from the thousands on the hill.

Down the slope for the gap in the wall. Below the opening James Moore took his stand to stop and turn them. A distance behind loitered Owd Bob, seeming to follow rather than to drive, yet watchful of every movement and anticipating it, one eye on his master, the other on his sheep ; never hurrying them, never flurrying them, yet bringing them rapidly along.

No word was spoken ; barely a gesture made ; yet they worked, master and dog, like one divided.

Through the gap, along the hill parallel to the spectators, playing into one another's hands like men at polo.

A wide sweep for the turn at the flags, and the sheep wheeled as though at the word of command, dropped through them, and travelled rapidly for the bridge.

"Steady !" whispered the crowd.

"Steady, man !" muttered Parson Leggy.

"Hold 'em for God's sake !" croaked Kirby huskily.

"Ah-h-h ! . . . I knew it. I seed it comin' !"

The pace down the hill had grown quicker—too quick. Close on the bridge the three sheep made an effort to break. A dash, and two were checked ; but the third went away like the wind, and after him Owd Bob, a grey streak against the green.

Tammas was cursing silently ; Kirby white to the lips ; and in the stillness you could plainly hear the Dalesmen's sobbing breath.

"Gallop ! they say he's old and slow," muttered the Parson. "Dash ! Look at that !" For the grey dog, racing like the Nor' Easter over the sea, had already retrieved the fugitive.

Man and dog were coaxing the three a step at a time towards the bridge.

One ventured ; the others followed.

In the middle the leader stopped and tried to turn ; and time was flying—flying, and the penning alone must take minutes. Many a man's hand was at his watch, but no one could take his eyes off the group below to look.

"We're beat. I've won bet, Tammas," groaned Sam'l. The two had a long-standing wager on the matter. "I olas knoo hoo 'twud be. I olas tell't thee as t' owd tyke"—then breaking into a bellow, his

honest face crimson with enthusiasm — “Coom on, Master ! Good for thee, Owd 'Un ! Yon's t' style !”

For the grey dog had leapt on the back of the hindmost sheep ; it had surged forward against the next, and they were over, and making up the slope amidst a thunder of applause.

At the pen it was a sight to see shepherd and dog working together. The Master, his face stern and a little whiter than its wont, casting forward with both hands, herding the sheep in ; the grey dog, eyes big and bright, dropping to hand, crawling and creeping, closer and closer.

“They're in !—Nay—ay—dang me ! Stop 'er !—good Owd 'Un ! Ah-h-h, they're in !” and the last sheep reluctantly passed through on the stroke of time.

A roar went up from the crowd ; Maggie's white face turned pink ; and the Dalesmen mopped wet brows. The mob surged forward, but the stewards held them back.

“Back, please ! Don't encroach ! M'Adam's to come.”

From the far bank the little man watched the scene. His coat and cap were off ; his hair gleamed white in the sun ; his sleeves were rolled up ; and his face was twitching as he stood ready.

The hubbub over the stream at length subsided. One of the judges nodded to him.

“Noo, Wullie ! noo or niver !” and they were off.

“Back, gentlemen ! back ! He's off ; he's coming ! M'Adam's coming !”

They might well shout and push ; for the great dog was on to his sheep almost before they knew it ; and they went away with a rush and Red Wull right on their backs. Up the slope they swept and round the first flag, already galloping Down the hill for the

gap, and M'Adam was flying ahead to turn them. But they passed him like a hurricane, and Red Wull was in front with a plunge and turned them alone.

"M'Adam wins! Five to four M'Adam! I lay agin Bob!" rang out a clear voice in the silence.

Through the gap they rattled, ears back, feet twinkling like the wings of driven grouse.

"He's lost 'em! They'll break! They're away!" was the cry.

Sam'l was half up the wheel of the Kenmuir waggon; every man was on his toes; ladies standing in their carriages; even Jim Mason's face flushed with momentary excitement.

The sheep were tearing along the hillside, all together, like a white scud. After them, galloping like a Waterloo winner, raced Red Wull. And last of all, leaping over the ground like a demoniac, making not for the two flags but the plank-bridge, the white-haired figure of M'Adam.

"He's beat! The Killer's beat!" roared a strident voice.

"M'Adam wins! Five to four M'Adam! I lay agin Owd Bob!" rang out the clear reply.

Red Wull was now racing parallel to the fugitives and above them. All four were travelling at a terrific rate; and the two flags were barely twenty yards in front. To effect the turn a change of direction must be made through a right angle.

"He's beat! he's beat! M'Adam's beat! Can't make it nohow!" was the roar.

From over the stream a yell—

"Turn 'em, Wullie!"

At that the great dog swerved down on the flying three. They wheeled, still at the gallop, like a troop of cavalry, and dropped, clean and neat, between the

flags ; and down to the stream they rattled, passing M'Adam on the way as though he were standing.

"Weel done, Wullie !" came a scream from the far bank ; and from the crowd an involuntary burst of applause.

"Ma wud !"

"Did ta' see that ?"

"By gob !"

It was a turn, indeed, of which the smartest team in the galloping horse-gunners might have been proud : a shade later and they must have overshot the mark, a shade sooner and a miss.

"He's not been two minutes so far. We're beaten ! don't you think so, Uncle Leggy ?" asked Muriel Sylvester, looking up piteously into the Parson's face.

"It's not what I think, my dear, it's what the judges think," the Parson replied testily.

Right on to the centre of the bridge the leading sheep galloped, and stopped abruptly.

Up above in the crowd there was utter silence ; staring eyes ; rigid fingers. The sweat was dripping off Long Kirby's face ; and, at the back, a green-coated bookmaker slipped his notebook in his pocket, and glanced behind him. James Moore, standing in front of them all, was the calmest there.

Red Wull was not to be denied. Like his forerunner he leapt on the back of the hindmost sheep. But the red dog was heavy where the grey was light. The sheep staggered, slipped, and fell.

Almost before it had touched water, M'Adam, his face afire and eyes flaming, was in the stream. In a second he had hold of the struggling creature and had half-thrown, half-shoved it on to the bank.

Again a tribute of admiration, led by James Moore.

The little man scrambled, panting, on to the bank and raced after sheep and dog. His face was white

beneath the perspiration ; his breath came in quavering gasps ; his trousers were wet and clinging to his legs ; he was trembling in every limb and yet indomitable.

They were up to the pen, and the last wrestle began.

The crowd, silent and motionless, craned forward to watch the uncanny pair working so close below them. M'Adam's eyes were staring, unnaturally bright ; his bent body was projected forward ; and he tapped with his stick on the ground like a blind man, coaxing the sheep in. And the Tailless Tyke, tongue out, flanks heaving, crept and crawled and worked up to the opening, patient as he had never been before.

They were in at last.

There was a lukewarm, half-hearted cheer : then silence.

Exhausted and trembling, the little man leant against the pen, one hand upon it ; while Red Wull, his flanks still heaving, gently licked the other. Quite close stood James Moore and the grey dog ; above, was the black wall of people, utterly still ; below, the judges comparing notes. In the silence you could almost hear the panting of the crowd.

Then one of the judges approached the Master and shook him by the hand.

The grey dog had won. Owd Bob o' Kenmuir had won the Shepherds' Trophy outright !

A second's palpitating silence ; a woman's hysterical laugh ; and a deep-mouthed bellow rent the expectant air : shouts, screams, hat-tossings, back-clappings, blending in a din that made the many-winding waters of the Silver Lea quiver and quiver again.

Owd Bob o' Kenmuir had won outright.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Jack London's famous book, *White Fang*, tells the story of the wolf that became a dog. There the interest centres almost entirely in the animal, and the people are of little account. Show that this is not so in *Owd Bob*.

2. But even here are the people the central figures, or the splendid grey dog and his terrible rival ?

3. It was a fine idea of the author to create in these two dogs such a contrast. Describe the two dogs.

4. Now set out in parallel columns the various features of the dogs so as to bring out the contrast strongly.

5. What passages in these extracts show the wonderful sagacity and faithfulness of sheep-dogs ?

6. Write an account of the remarkable feats of the two dogs during the great winter.

7. Imagine you were a spectator at the contest for the Cup. Sketch the course, and the task before the dogs.

8. Describe the first "round."

9. Now describe the final contest.

10. Show how the character of each dog was shown in the way he handled the sheep.

11. Obtain a copy of this book and read it through. Note particularly the thrilling events connected with "the Killer," the wonderful instances of Bob's fidelity and skill, and the terrible death of Red Wull.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain: "*The twin Pikes*"; "*a Raphael's Madonna*"; "*a huge Cerberus*"; "*legs like Gothic arches*"; "*the Satan of a dog's Hell*"; "*a very Bayard*"; "*strong as Samson*"; "*violent as Saul.*" [To answer this question, you will need to consult an Encyclopædia. If necessary, ask for help.]

2. Unless you dwell in the north of England, the dialect may give you a little trouble at first. But it is not really difficult.

Write in the usual way: "*Hide him ahint yer petticoats.*" "*'Twillna' be him I'll hide, I's uphod thee.*" "*Gin yon Hieland tyke attacks ye agen, ye're to be disqualified.*" "*I olas knoo how 'twud be.*" "*Coom on, Master. Yon's t' style.*"

3. Write a numbered summary of the incidents of the great winter.

4. Do this also with the events at the contest for the Cup.

5. Notice the striking Similes in the descriptions of the dogs. Make a list of them.

6. What other Similes can you discover in the extracts?

7. Expand the following into four sentences:

"*And the Tailless Tyke, tongue out, flanks heaving, crept and crawled and worked up to the opening, patient as he had never been before.*"

8. ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS. Adverbs as well as Adjectives have Degrees of Comparison, e.g., Early, earlier, earliest; finely, more finely, most finely. Compare: *Gaily, uneasily, grimly, silently.*

9. Some Adjectives and Adverbs have irregular comparison, e.g., good, better, best; much, more, most. Compare: *bad, little, far.*

10. In speaking of but two persons or things, the Superlative must not be used. The Comparative is the correct form.

Correct these sentences :

“ *Owd Bob was the best dog of the two.* ”

“ *James Moore was the tallest of the two shepherds.* ”

“ *Adam M'Adam had the worst temper.* ”

11. Why are you sure that the sentences given in Question 10 are not to be found in the extracts from the book ?

MR. WINKLE GOES SKATING

— CHARLES DICKENS —

Charles Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* is one of the most delightful of books, with its rich humour and its jovial kindly feeling. In this incident we read of some Christmas diversions of the benevolent old Mr. Pickwick and his three friends, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle. The latter is supposed to be a great sportsman. The party are staying with a fine old farmer named Wardle. Sam Weller is Mr. Pickwick's servant ; Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen are medical students, also on a visit. The time is the afternoon of Boxing Day.

“ **N**OW,” said Wardle, after a substantial lunch had been done ample justice to ; “ what say you to an hour on the ice ? We shall have plenty of time.”

“ Capital ! ” said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

“ Prime ! ” ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

“ You skate, of course, Winkle ? ” said Wardle.

“ Ye—yes ; oh yes,” replied Mr. Winkle. “ I—I—am *rather* out of practice.”

“ Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle,” said Arabella. “ I like to see it so much.”

“ Oh, it is so graceful,” said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was elegant, and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was “ swan-like.”

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pair, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs: whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shovelled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies: which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm, when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions, which they called a reel.

All this time, Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on, with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These—these—are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'l'm'n in 'em, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile. "I'm coming."

"Just a goin' to begin," said Sam, endeavouring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas-box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and un-swan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank:



*"Mr. Weller . . . administered a considerable
impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle."*

"Sam !"

"Sir ?"

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor a callin' ? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonised Pickwickian, and, in so doing, administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the centre of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind, in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile ; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt ?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle ; "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick ?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No ; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders; and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low, but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words:

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With those words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. The selection which told of little Paul Dombey's death was an example of Dickens' power to deal with touching, pathetic scenes. Here is a passage that is quite the reverse. What does this extract reveal?
2. Why was Mr. Winkle so generous to Sam, promising him five shillings and two coats?
3. Which is the most amusing passage in the extract?
4. Some of Sam's remarks are very entertaining. Give instances.
5. Write a letter from Bob Sawyer to a medical friend describing the scene on the ice.
6. Write an essay headed "*Mr. Winkle goes Hunting.*"

7. The skating scene was followed by one in which, to the delight of his friends, Mr. Pickwick joined in a merry party sliding. It ended in disaster. First try to write your own account, then get a copy of *Pickwick Papers* and see how Dickens wrote it.

8. Other very amusing incidents are the rook-shooting (chap. vii.), the partridge-shooting (chap. xix.), and the ride to Birmingham (chap. l.).

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain more fully :

"Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight and looked exquisitely uncomfortable."

"Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvellous."

"Old Wardle and Ben Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions."

"This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air, and dash the back of his head on the ice."

"Anguish was depicted in every lineament of his countenance."

2. Punctuate, and afterwards test from the extract :

Now said Wardle what say you to an hour on the ice we shall have plenty of time capital said mr benjamin allen prime ejaculated mr bob sawyer you skate of course winkle said wardle ye-yes oh yes replied mr winkle I I am rather out of practice oh do skate mr winkle said arabella I like to see it so much oh it is so graceful said another young lady.

3. **STRUCTURE OF WORDS : ROOTS.** There are a great number of words in our language which are formed from Latin words. The Latin words are the *roots* from which our

words have grown. It is very helpful to be familiar with some of these. Copy out and learn the following :

<i>Facio</i>	=I make, as in factory.
<i>habeo</i>	=I have ,, ,, habit.
<i>porto</i>	=I carry ,, ,, porter.
<i>credo</i>	=I believe ,, ,, credible.
<i>capio</i>	=I take ,, ,, captive.
<i>ambulo</i>	=I walk ,, ,, ambulance.
<i>duco</i>	=I lead ,, ,, duke.
<i>scribo</i>	=I write ,, ,, scripture.
<i>teneo</i>	=I hold ,, ,, tenant.
<i>traho</i>	=I draw ,, ,, traction.

4. Give as many other examples as you can of words formed from these roots. Test each by the Dictionary.

5. AUXILIARY VERBS. These are certain Verbs which seldom stand by themselves, but which help other words to form a Predicate. They are chiefly the various parts of the Verb "to be" (*am, is, are, was, were, etc.*); the Verb "to have" (*has, have, had, etc.*); *could*; *may*; *shall*; *will*; and are used to form the tenses, moods, and voices of other verbs.

Examples : I *am* ill. We *are* ready. You *have* failed. We *shall* be there. They *could* fight.

From the extract given in this section find other examples.

6. What does *Auxiliary* mean ? Why are the Verbs so named ?

SHERWOOD

— ALFRED NOYES —

SHERWOOD in the twilight: is Robin Hood
awake?

Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the
brake,

Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy
horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the
leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland are here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting
spray,

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?

Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose
feather.

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled
away.

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark! the voice of England wakes him as of old,
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter
gold,

Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen,
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln-green glancing through the
May,

In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and
ash

Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to
crash,

The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band
goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION.

1. This is a very beautiful poem. Not only is the subject one which will always delight English readers, but the language itself is beautiful. Why is the subject pleasing ?

2. Notice the charming alliteration : *e.g.* :

“Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake.”

Find other examples.

3. Why do you think the poet writes of Oberon here in a poem on Sherwood ?

4. Look in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to see that Shakespeare does the same. Show that this is so.

5. Observe the clever use of Adjectives, *e.g.* :

“Grey and ghostly shadows.”

“A shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.”

“Sherwood in the red dawn.”

Show how suitable each of these is, and find other examples.

6. Explain : *The brake ; amethyst ; the dazzled laverock ; elf and fay ; quarter-staff ; grey goose feather ; doublets of the Lincoln green ; aisles of oak and ash.*

7. What members of Robin Hood's band are named here ? What other famous members were there ?

8. Look up Scott's *Ivanhoe*, chaps. xxxiii., xli., xlii.

9. The rhythm of these lines is very beautiful. It is always smooth, sweet, and joyous, though not always regular. Copy out the two verses you like best, divide each line into feet, and mark the accents.

10. Learn the poem by heart.

11. Read also Alfred Noyes' *The Dream-Child's Invitation* and *The World's May Queen*.

A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

— R. L. STEVENSON —

In the early autumn of 1878, Robert Louis Stevenson spent a fortnight wandering in the Cévennes, his baggage being carried on the back of a donkey. In the book, *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*, he gives a pleasant and amusing account of his experiences. The extract given here describes how he spent a night in the open air.

FROM Bleymard after dinner, although it was already late, I set out to scale a portion of the Lozère. An ill-marked stony drove-road guided me forward ; and I met nearly half a dozen bullock-carts descending from the woods, each laden with a whole pine-tree for the winter's firing. At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines, until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me for a water-tap. "In a more sacred or sequestered bower . . . nor nymph nor faunus haunted." The trees

were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade : there was no outlook, except north-eastward upon distant hilltops, or straight upward to the sky ; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and fed Modestine, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal ; and as soon as the sun went down, I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof ; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains, is only a light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely ; even as she takes her rest, she turns and smiles ; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping hemisphere, and all the outdoor world are on their feet. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows ; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides, and change to a new lair among the ferns ; and houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

At what inaudible summons, at what gentle touch of Nature, are all these sleepers thus recalled in the same hour to life ? Do the stars rain down an influence, or do we share some thrill of mother earth below our resting bodies ? Even shepherds and old country-folk, who are the deepest read in these arcana, have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning

they declare the thing takes place ; and neither know nor inquire further. And at least it is a pleasant incident. We are disturbed in our slumber only, like the luxurious Montaigne, "that we may the better and more sensibly relish it." We have a moment to look upon the stars. And there is a special pleasure for some minds in the reflection that we share the impulse with all outdoor creatures in our neighbourhood, that we have escaped out of the Bastille of civilisation, and are become, for the time being, a mere kindly animal and a sheep of Nature's flock.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught ; and, feeling broad awake after this internal cold aspersion, sat upright to make a cigarette. The stars were clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way. All around me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the pack-saddle, I could see Modestine walking round and round at the length of her tether ; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward ; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay lazily smoking and studying the colour of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish-grey behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars. As if to be more like a pedlar, I wear a silver ring. This I could see faintly shining as I raised or lowered the cigarette ; and at each whiff the inside of my hand was illuminated and became for a second the highest light in the landscape.

A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time ; so that even in my great chamber the air was

being renewed all night long. I thought with horror of the inn at Chasseradès and the congregated night-caps ; with horror of the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, of hot theatres and pass-keys and close rooms. I have not often enjoyed a more serene possession of myself, nor felt more independent of material aids. The outer world, from which we cower into our houses, seemed after all a gentle habitable place ; and night after night a man's bed, it seemed, was laid and waiting for him in the fields, where God keeps an open house. I thought I had rediscovered one of those truths which are revealed to savages and hid from political economists : at the least, I had discovered a new pleasure for myself. And yet even while I was exulting in my solitude I became aware of a strange lack. I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude, and which, rightly understood, is solitude made perfect. And to live out of doors with the woman a man loves is of all lives the most complete and free.

As I thus lay, between content and longing, a faint noise stole towards me through the pines. I thought, at first, it was the crowing of cocks or the barking of dogs at some very distant farm ; but steadily and gradually it took articulate shape in my ears, until I became aware that a passenger was going by upon the high-road in the valley, and singing loudly as he went. There was more of goodwill than grace in his performance ; but he trolled with ample lungs ; and the sound of his voice took hold upon the hillside and set the air shaking in the leafy glens. I have heard people passing by night in sleeping cities ; some of them sang ; one, I remember, played loudly on the bagpipes. I have heard the rattle of a cart or carriage

spring up suddenly after hours of stillness, and pass, for some minutes, within the range of my hearing as I lay abed. There is a romance about all who are abroad in the black hours, and with something of a thrill we try to guess their business. But here the romance was double: first, this glad passenger, lit internally with wine, who sent up his voice in music through the night; and then I, on the other hand, buckled into my sack, and smoking alone in the pine-woods between four and five thousand feet toward the stars.

When I awoke again (Sunday, 29th September), many of the stars had disappeared; only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glow-worm light put on my boots and gaiters; then I broke up some bread for Modestine, filled my can at the water-tap, and lit my spirit-lamp to boil myself some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops of Vivarais. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected; but the still black pine-trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my water-chocolate, which was hot if it was not rich, and strolled here and there, and up and down about the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured

direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in its passage ; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely.

I hastened to prepare my pack, and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me, but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy ; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravan-serai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows ; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. With the help of an Encyclopædia or other reference book, write a short life of Robert Louis Stevenson.
2. He loved the open air, the woods, the streams, the sea. How is this shown by the extract given here?
3. In his poem, *Requiem*, he desired that his grave should be dug "under the wide and starry sky." Why did he wish this?
4. Modestine was the donkey. She was a great trial to him. Read, if you can get the book, the amusing account of the way they started.
5. Notice the beautiful passage about the dawn. Write an account of your own, headed "*The Approach of Morn*," and then compare it with Stevenson's.
6. Stevenson had a playful humour. What passages in the extract show this?
7. He has deep, serious thoughts, but he never dwells long on them. The book has a *light* touch. And after some profound and perhaps rather melancholy thought, he brings the reader back by a touch of every-day life, probably humorous. Give examples.
8. Why did he scatter money on the ground as he resumed his journey?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write Synonyms for the following words: *Decline*, *secure*, *announce*, *lair*, *inaudible*, *internal*, *munching*, *sward*, *runnel*, *glossy*, *illuminated*, *horror*, *nocturnal*, *serene*, *cower*.
2. Explain these phrases :
 "I buckled myself to the knees in my sack."
 "Night is a dead monotonous period under a roof."

"All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely."

"Do the stars rain down an influence?"

"We have escaped out of the Bastille of civilisation."

"A faint silvery vapour stood for the Milky Way."

"There is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude."

"There was more of goodwill than grace in his performance."

3. Summarise the paragraphs beginning :

(a) "Night is a dead monotonous period . . ."

(b) "As I thus lay . . ."

4. "Nature" is written of here as though it were actually a living person, able to think and will. This is an example of *Personification*. Copy out the passage where this occurs.

5. Analyse :

"I could see Modestine walking round and round."

"In my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long."

"All night long he can hear Nature breathing."

6. Notice the word *streamlet*. "Let" is a suffix meaning little. We call it a diminutive. Other diminutives are *-et*, *-ette*, *-ock*, *-ling*, *-kin*.

Give examples of the use of these.

7. DERIVATION OF WORDS. Add the following to your list of Latin roots, and give as many examples of each as you can :

<i>acer</i> = sharp,	as in	acid.
<i>ager</i> = a field	„ „	agriculture.
<i>altus</i> = high	„ „	altitude.
<i>annus</i> = a year	„ „	annual.
<i>aqua</i> = water	„ „	aquatic.
<i>bellum</i> = war	„ „	belligerent.
<i>brevis</i> = short	„ „	brief.
<i>caput</i> = the head	„ „	capital.
<i>centum</i> = a hundred	„ „	century.
<i>civis</i> = a citizen	„ „	civilise
<i>corpus</i> = the body	„ „	corpse.

SOME BIRD ADVENTURES

— W. H. HUDSON —

William H. Hudson, who died in 1922, was passionately devoted to birds, trees, and flowers all his life. He was born in South America, but came to England as a young man. He had a bitter struggle with poverty, and it was only towards the close of his life that he became well known. But now his fame is increasing, and will endure. A strange, lonely man, he poured out his soul in his books. Of these you should certainly read *Birds in a Village* and *Far Away and Long Ago*. You will find others mentioned in the list at the end.

Far Away and Long Ago is a most charming and wonderful account of his boyhood, written when he was quite an old man. It is from this work that the following extract is taken.

JUST before my riding days began in real earnest, when I was not yet quite confident enough to gallop off alone for miles to see the world for myself, I had my first long walk on the plain. One of my elder brothers invited me to accompany him to a water-course, one of the slow-flowing, shallow, marshy rivers of the pampas, which was but two miles from home. The thought of the half-wild cattle we would meet terrified me, but he was anxious for my company that day, and assured me that he could see no herd in that direction, and he would be careful to give a wide berth to anything with horns we might come upon. Then I joyfully consented and we set out, three of us, to survey the wonders of a great stream of running water, where bulrushes grew, and large wild birds, never seen by us at home, would be found. I had had a glimpse of the river before, as, when driving to visit a neighbour, we had crossed it at one of the fords and I had wished to get down and run on its moist, green, low banks, and now that desire would be gratified. It was for me a

tremendously long walk, as we had to take many a turn to avoid the patches of cardoon and giant thistles, and by and by we came to low ground where the grass was almost waist-high and full of flowers. It was all like an English meadow in June, when every grass and every herb is in flower, beautiful and fragrant, but tiring to a boy six years old to walk through. At last we came out to a smooth grass turf, and in a little while were by the stream, which had overflowed its banks owing to recent heavy rains, and was now about fifty yards wide. An astonishing number of birds were visible—chiefly wild duck, a few swans, and many waders—ibises, herons, spoonbills, and others; but the most wonderful of all were three immensely tall white-and-rose-coloured birds, wading solemnly in a row a yard or so apart from one another some twenty yards out from the bank. I was amazed and enchanted at the sight, and my delight was intensified when the leading bird stood still and, raising his head and long neck aloft, opened and shook his wings. For the wings when open were of a glorious crimson colour, and the bird was to me the most angel-like creature on earth.

What were these wonderful birds? I asked of my brothers, but they could not tell me. They said they had never seen birds like them before, and later I found that the flamingo was not known in our neighbourhood as the water-courses were not large enough for it, but that it could be seen in flocks at a lake less than a day's journey from our home.

It was not for several years that I had an opportunity of seeing the bird again; later, I have seen it scores and hundreds of times, at rest or flying, at all times of the day and in all states of the atmosphere, in all its most beautiful aspects, as when at sunset or in the early morning it stands motionless in the still

water with its clear image reflected below ; or when seen flying in flocks—seen from some high bank beneath one—moving low over the blue water in a long crimson line or half-moon, the birds at equal distances apart, their wing-tips all but touching ; but the delight in these spectacles has never equalled in degree that which I experienced on this occasion when I was six years old.

The next little bird adventure to be told exhibits me more in the character of an innocent and exceedingly credulous baby of three than of a field naturalist of six with a considerable experience of wild birds.

One spring day an immense number of doves appeared and settled in the plantation. It was a species common in the country and bred in our trees, and in fact in every grove or orchard in the land—a pretty dove-coloured bird with a pretty sorrowful song, about a third less in size than the domestic pigeon, and belonging to the American genus *Zenaida*. This dove was a resident with us all the year round, but occasionally in spring and autumn they were to be seen travelling in immense flocks, and these were evidently strangers in the land, and came from some sub-tropical country in the north where they had no fear of the human form. At all events, on going out into the plantation I found them all about on the ground, diligently searching for seeds, and so tame and heedless of my presence that I actually attempted to capture them with my hands. But they wouldn't be caught : the bird when I stooped and put out my hands slipped away, and flying a yard or two would settle down in front of me and go on looking for and picking up invisible seeds.

My attempts failing I rushed back to the house, wildly excited, to look for an old gentleman who lived with us and took an interest in me and my passion

for birds, and finding him I told him the whole place was swarming with doves and they were perfectly tame but wouldn't let me catch them—could he tell me how to catch them? He laughed and said I must be a little fool not to know how to catch a bird. The only way was to put salt on their tails. There would be no difficulty in doing that, I thought, and how delighted I was to know that birds could be caught so easily! Off I ran to the salt-barrel and filled my pockets and hands with coarse salt used to make brine in which to dip the hides; for I wanted to catch a great many doves—armfuls of doves.

In a few minutes I was out again in the plantation, with doves in hundreds moving over the ground all about me and taking no notice of me. It was a joyful and exciting moment when I started operations, but I soon found that when I tossed a handful of salt at the bird's tail it never fell on its tail—it fell on the ground two or three or four inches short of the tail. If, I thought, the bird would only keep still a moment longer! But then it wouldn't, and I think I spent quite two hours in these vain attempts to make the salt fall on the right place. At last I went back to my mentor to confess that I had failed, and to ask for fresh instructions, but all he would say was that I was on the right track, that the plan I had adopted was the proper one, and all that was wanted was a little more practice to enable me to drop the salt on the right spot. Thus encouraged I filled my pockets again and started afresh, and then finding that by following the proper plan I made no progress, I adopted a new one, which was to take a handful of salt and hurl it at the bird's tail. Still I couldn't touch the tail; my violent action only frightened the bird and caused it to fly away, a dozen yards or so, before dropping down again to resume its seed-searching business.

By and by I was told by somebody that birds could not be caught by putting salt on their tails, that I was being made a fool of, and this was a great shock to me, since I had been taught to believe that it was wicked to tell a lie. Now for the first time I discovered that there were lies and lies, or untruths that were not lies, which one could tell innocently although they were invented and deliberately told to deceive. This angered me at first, and I wanted to know how I was to distinguish between real lies and lies that were not lies, and the only answer I got was that I could distinguish them by not being a fool!

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. It is remarkable that as quite an old man, W. H. Hudson could recall so vividly the events of his early childhood. Can you think of any reason for this?
2. Even when a tiny child, he showed a wonderful love for birds. What shows this?
3. Write in your own words each of the stories here related.
4. What shows that the scene of these incidents could not be England?
5. Do you think it was right to tell the little boy such tales?
6. The older type of naturalist shot the strange and beautiful creatures he saw. The newer type uses a glass, and studies them living. To which class do you think Hudson belonged?
7. Why is it that the older naturalists could tell us comparatively little of the habits of many of the birds?
8. Get *Birds in a Village*, and read of the greenfinch, the wryneck, the blue-tits, and the cuckoo

9. In *Far Away and Long Ago*, read the delightful accounts of his parents, his home, his teachers, the strange visitors, and the wonderful birds.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write notes on : *The ibis, the spoonbill, the heron, the flamingo.*

2. What words have the same meaning as : *Glimpse, moist, fragrant, immensely, solemnly, intensified, enchanted, delight, experienced ?*

3. Write the conversation which you imagine took place between the little boy and his brothers when they saw the flamingoes.

4. Notice the phrase : "He would be careful *to give a wide berth* to anything with horns."

What does this Metaphor mean ?

5. How do you think it arose ?

6. Can you explain these phrases, and account for them : "*To play second fiddle*" ; "*to draw the long bow*" ; "*to be in the limelight*" ; "*to blow one's own trumpet*" ?

7. Summarise the story which tells how the little boy tried to catch the birds.

8. DEMONSTRATIVE PRONOUNS AND ADJECTIVES. To demonstrate means to *point out*. There are certain Pronouns and Adjectives that do this. The most common are : *this, that, these, those, such*.

Examples : *This* is the man. *Such* are the inhabitants.

This book is useless. *Such* deeds live for ever.

Certain Adverbs also may be called Demonstrative Adverbs. For example : I took him by the throat and struck him, *thus*.

Make a list of such Pronouns, Adjectives, and Adverbs occurring in this extract.

THE WOOD

— M. R. MITFORD —

This delightful sketch of a walk in spring is from Miss Mary Russell Mitford's book, *Our Village*. The authoress, who was born in 1787 and died in 1855, lived for a number of years at Three-Mile Cross, a little village near Reading, and her charming sketches of country life were based on what she saw in that neighbourhood.

APRIL 20th.—Spring is actually come now, with the fulness and almost the suddenness of a northern summer. To-day is completely April; clouds and sunshine, wind and showers; blossoms on the trees, grass in the fields, swallows by the ponds, snakes in the hedgerows, nightingales in the thickets, and cuckoos everywhere. My young friend Ellen G. is going with me this evening to gather wood-sorrel. She never saw that most elegant plant, and is so delicate an artist that the introduction will be a mutual benefit; Ellen will gain a subject worthy of her pencil, and the pretty weed will live; no small favour to a flower almost as transitory as the gum cistus; duration is the only charm which it wants, and that Ellen will give it. The weather is, to be sure, a little threatening, but we are not people to mind the weather when we have an object in view; we shall certainly go in quest of the wood-sorrel, and will take May, provided we can escape May's followers; for since the adventure of the lamb, Saladin has had an affair with a gander, furious in defence of his goslings, in which rencontre the gander came off conqueror; and as geese abound in the wood to which we are going (called by the country people the Pinge), and the victory may not always incline to the right side, I should be very sorry

to lead the Soldan to fight his battles over again. We will take nobody but May.

So saying, we proceeded on our way through winding lanes, between hedgerows tenderly green, till we reached the hatch-gate, with the white cottage beside it embosomed in fruit trees, which forms the entrance to the Pinge, and in a moment the whole scene was before our eyes.

“Is not this beautiful, Ellen?” The answer could hardly be other than a glowing rapid “Yes!” A wood is generally a pretty place; but this wood—imagine a smaller forest, full of glades and sheep-walks, surrounded by irregular cottages with their blooming orchards, a clear stream winding about the brakes, and a road intersecting it, and giving life and light to the picture; and you will have a faint idea of the Pinge. Every step was opening a new point of view, a fresh combination of glade and path and thicket. The accessories, too, were changing every moment. Ducks, geese, pigs, and children, giving way, as we advanced into the wood, to sheep and forest ponies; and they again disappearing as we became more entangled in its mazes, till we heard nothing but the song of the nightingale, and saw only the silent flowers.

What a piece of fairy land! The tall elms overhead just bursting into tender vivid leaf, with here and there a hoary oak or a silver-barked beech, every twig swelling with the brown buds, and yet not quite stripped of the tawny foliage of autumn; tall hollies and hawthorn beneath, with their crisp brilliant leaves mixed with the white blossoms of the sloe, and woven together with garlands of woodbines and wild-briars; what a fairy land!

Primroses, cowslips, pansies, and the regular open-eyed white blossom of the wood anemone (or to use

the more elegant Hampshire name, the windflower) were set under our feet as thick as daisies in a meadow ; but the pretty weed that we came to seek was coyer ; and Ellen began to fear that we had mistaken the place or the season. At last she had herself the pleasure of finding it under a brake of holly—" Oh, look ! look ! I am sure that this is the wood-sorrel ! Look at the pendent white flower, shaped like a snow-drop and veined with purple streaks, and the beautiful trefoil leaves folded like a heart—some, the young ones, so vividly yet tenderly green that the foliage of the elm and the hawthorn would show dully at their side ; others of a deeper tint, and lined, as it were, with a rich and changeful purple ! Don't you see them ? " pursued my dear young friend, who is a delightful piece of life and sunshine, and was half inclined to scold me for the calmness with which, amused by her enthusiasm, I stood listening to her ardent exclamations—" Don't you see them ? Oh, how beautiful ! and in what quantity ! what profusion ! See how the dark shade of the holly sets off the light and delicate colouring of the flower ! And see that other bed of them springing from the rich moss in the roots of that old beech tree ! Pray let us gather some. Here are baskets." So, quickly and carefully we began gathering, leaves, blossoms, roots and all, for the plant is so fragile that it will not brook separation ; quickly and carefully we gathered, encountering divers petty misfortunes in spite of all our care, now caught by the veil in a holly bush, now hitching our shawls in a bramble, still gathering on, in spite of scratched fingers, till we had nearly filled our baskets and began to talk of our departure.

" But where is May ? May ! May ! No going home without her. May ! Here she comes galloping, the beauty ! " (Ellen is almost as fond of May as I

am.) "What has she got in her mouth? that rough, round, brown substance which she touches so tenderly? What can it be? A bird's nest? Naughty May!"

"No! as I live, a hedgehog! Look, Ellen, how it has coiled itself into a thorny ball! Off with it, May! Don't bring it to me!" And May, somewhat reluctant to part with her prickly prize, however troublesome of carriage, whose change of shape seemed to me to have puzzled her sagacity more than any event I ever witnessed, for in general she has perfectly the air of understanding all that is going forward—May at last dropped the hedgehog; continuing, however, to pat it with her delicate cat-like paw, cautiously and daintily applied, and caught back suddenly and rapidly after every touch, as if her poor captive had been a red-hot coal. Finding that these pats entirely failed in solving the riddle (for the hedgehog shammed dead, like the lamb the other day, and appeared entirely motionless), she gave him so spirited a nudge with her pretty black nose, that she not only turned him over, but sent him rolling some little way along the turfy path—an operation which that sagacious quadruped endured with the most perfect passiveness, the most admirable non-resistance. No wonder that May's discernment was at fault! I myself, if I had not been aware of the trick, should have said that the ugly rough thing which she was trundling along, like a bowl or a cricket-ball, was an inanimate substance, something devoid of sensation and of will. At last my poor pet, thoroughly perplexed and tired out, fairly relinquished the contest, and came slowly away, turning back once or twice to look at the object of her curiosity, as if half inclined to return and try the event of another shove. The sudden flight of a wood-pigeon effectually diverted her attention; and Ellen amused herself by fancying how the hedgehog was scuttling away.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. It is impossible to mistake a genuine love for the countryside. No writer who merely professes without feeling it can escape detection. To the real country-lover the flowers and trees appear to live and feel, and must be treated like human beings. Illustrate this by reference to *The Wood*.
2. What does Miss Mitford mean by writing "*To-day is completely April?*"
3. Write a descriptive passage entitled "*To-day is completely November.*"
4. Write an account of the incident of the dog and the hedgehog.
5. Why does the hedgehog roll itself into a ball?
Can you give other illustrations of actions of birds or animals arising from a similar cause? [If not, look up descriptions of the woodlouse, the partridge, the lapwing, the opossum.]
6. Miss Mitford had not the profound knowledge of Nature possessed by writers like Richard Jefferies or W. H. Hudson. Much of the interest of this extract lies in the human actors and their dog. Show that this is so.
7. But there are descriptions which nevertheless reveal close observation. Select some of these.
8. This extract is followed by a really fine passage describing a tree-felling scene. Write a description headed "*Tree-felling*," then compare yours with Miss Mitford's.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Explain the following :

"The introduction will be a mutual benefit."

"Saladin has had an affair with a gander, furious in defence of his goslings, in which encounter the gander came off conqueror."

"May, somewhat reluctant to part with her prickly prize, however troublesome of carriage, whose change of shape seemed to me to have puzzled her sagacity more than any event I ever witnessed, for in general she has perfectly the air of understanding all that is going forward—May at last dropped the hedgehog."

2. This last sentence is long and clumsy. Rewrite it.

3. Notice the contrasts : *"Clouds and sunshine, wind and showers."* Make up twelve such contrasts of your own.

4. What does the authoress mean by *"the suddenness of northern summer"* ? What is an *"Indian Summer,"* a *"St. Martin's Summer"* ?

5. Make a list of the birds, beasts, and flowers mentioned in this extract.

6. *Gander* is the masculine of *goose*. What is the masculine of : *Duck, mare, vixen, hind, ewe, sow* ?

7. Miss Mitford's writing, though always charming and pleasant to read, is sometimes what is called *"loose."* That is, the actual sentences or paragraphs are rather clumsy or careless, even ungrammatical. One such example is given above. Here is another, quite clear, but loose.

"So saying, we proceeded on our way through winding lanes, between hedgerows tenderly green, till we reached the hatch gate, with the white cottage beside it embosomed in fruit trees, which forms the entrance to the Pinge, and in a moment the whole scene was before our eyes."

Rewrite this as (a) Two sentences, (b) three sentences, (c) four sentences. Which do you prefer ?

8. Most Verbs have two forms which are called Participles (Present and Past). The Present Participle ends in *-ing*, the Past usually in *-d*, *-ed*, or *-t*. Thus the Participles of the Verb *drop* are dropping, dropped.

Give the Participles of : *Form*, *proceed*, *burst*, *strip*, *listen*.

A MEDIÆVAL INN

— CHARLES READE —

The Cloister and the Hearth, by Charles Reade, is one of the greatest historical novels ever written. The period dealt with is the later fifteenth century. Gerard, a young Dutch artist, having incurred the hatred of the burgomaster of his town, escapes with difficulty, and, bidding farewell to his dearly-loved future wife, Margaret Brandt, sets out for Italy, where he hopes to prosper. The scene pictured below occurred on his journey, and gives us a vivid picture of a mediæval inn.

THAT evening he came to a small straggling town where was one inn. It had no sign ; but being now better versed in the customs of the country, he detected it at once by the coats of arms on its walls. These belonged to the distinguished visitors who had slept in it at different epochs since its foundation, and left these customary tokens of their patronage. At present it looked more like a mausoleum than an hotel. Nothing moved nor sounded either in or about it. Gerard hammered on the great oak door : no answer. He hallooed : no reply. After a while he hallooed louder, and at last a little round window, or rather hole in the wall, opened, a man's head protruded cautiously, like a tortoise's

from its shell, and eyed Gerard stolidly, but never uttered a syllable.

“Is this an inn?” asked Gerard, with a covert sneer.

The head seemed to fall into a brown study. Eventually it nodded, but lazily.

“Can I have entertainment here?”

Again the head pondered and ended by nodding, but sullenly, and seemed a skull overburdened with catch-penny interrogatories.

“How am I to get within, an’t please you?”

At this the head popped in, as if the last question had shot it, and a hand popped out, pointed round the corner of the building, and slammed the window.

Gerard followed the indication, and after some research discovered that the fortification had one vulnerable part, a small, low door on its flank. As for the main entrance, that was used to keep out thieves and customers, except once or twice in a year, when they entered together—that is, when some duke or count arrived in pomp with his train of gaudy ruffians.

Gerard, having penetrated the outer fort, soon found his way to the stove (as the public room was called from the principal article in it), and sat down near the oven, in which were only a few live embers that diffused a mild and grateful heat.

After waiting patiently a long time, he asked a grim old fellow with a long white beard, who stalked solemnly in and turned the hour-glass and then was stalking out, when supper would be. The grisly Ganymede counted the guests on his fingers—“When I see thrice as many here as now.” Gerard groaned.

The grisly tyrant resented the rebellious sound. “Inns are not built for one,” said he. “If you can’t wait for the rest, look out for another lodging.”

Gerard sighed.

At this the greybeard frowned.

After a while company trickled steadily in, till full eighty persons of various conditions were congregated, and to our novice the place became a chamber of horrors; for here the mothers got together and compared ringworms, and the men scraped the mud off their shoes with their knives, and left it on the floor, and combed their long hair out, inmates included, and made their toilet, consisting generally of a dry rub. Water, however, was brought in ewers. Gerard pounced on one of these, but at sight of the liquid contents lost his temper and said to the waiter, "Wash you first your water, and then a man may wash his hands withal."

"An it likes you not, seek another inn."

Gerard said nothing, but went quietly, and courteously besought an old traveller to tell him how far it was to the next inn.

"About four leagues."

Then Gerard appreciated the grim pleasantry of th' unbending sire.

That worthy now returned with an armful of wood, and counting the travellers, put on a log for every six, by which act of raw justice the hotter the room the more heat he added. Poor Gerard noticed the little flaw in the ancient man's logic, but carefully suppressed every symptom of intelligence, lest his feet should have to carry his brain four leagues farther that night.

When perspiration and suffocation were far advanced, they brought in the tablecloths—but oh, so brown, so dirty, and so coarse. They seemed like sacks that had been worn out in agriculture and come down to this, or like shreds from the mainsail of some worn-out ship. The Hollander, who had never seen such linen even in nightmare, uttered a faint cry.

"What is to do?" inquired a traveller. Gerard

pointed ruefully to the dirty sackcloth. The other looked at it with lack-lustre eye, and comprehended naught.

A Burgundian soldier with his arbalest at his back came peeping over Gerard's shoulder, and seeing what was amiss, laughed so loud that the room rang again, then slapped him on the back and cried, "Courage, le diable est mort."¹

Gerard stared; he doubted alike the good tidings and their relevancy; but the tones were so hearty and the arbalestrier's face, notwithstanding a formidable beard, was so gay and genial, that he smiled, and after a pause said dryly, "Il a bien fait; avec l'eau et linge du pays on allait le noircir à ne se reconnaître plus."²

"Tiens, tiens!" cried the soldier, "v'là qui parle le Français, peu s'en faut,"³ and he seated himself by Gerard, and in a moment was talking volubly of war, women, and pillage, interlarding his discourse with curious oaths, at which Gerard drew away from him more or less.

Presently in came the grisly servant, and counted them all on his fingers superciliously, like Abraham telling sheep, then went out again and returned with a deal trencher and a deal spoon to each.

Then there was an interval. Then he brought them a long mug apiece made of glass, and frowned. By and by he stalked gloomily in with a hunch of bread apiece, and exit with an injured air. Expectation thus raised, the guests sat for nearly an hour balancing the wooden spoons, and with their own knives whittling the bread.

¹ The devil is dead.

² He was wise; with the water and linen of this land he would have been made so black that he would not have known himself.

³ Come, here is one who speaks French, or very nearly.

Eventually, when hope was extinct, patience worn out, and hunger exhausted, a huge vessel was brought in with pomp, the lid was removed, a cloud of steam rolled forth, and behold some thin broth with square pieces of bread floating. This, though not agreeable to the mind, served to distend the body. Slices of Strasbourg ham followed, and pieces of salt fish, both so highly salted that Gerard could hardly swallow a mouthful. Then came a kind of gruel, and, when the repast had lasted an hour and more, some hashed meat highly peppered; and the French and Dutch being now full to the brim with the above dainties, and the draughts of beer the salt and spiced meats had provoked, in came roasted kids, most excellent, and carp and trout fresh from the stream. Gerard made an effort, and looked angrily at them, but "could no more," as the poet says. The Burgundian swore by the liver and pike-staff of the good centurion the natives had outwitted him. Then, turning to Gerard, he said, "Courage, l'ami, le diable est mort," as loudly as before, but not with the same tone of conviction. The canny natives had kept an internal corner for contingencies, and polished the kids' very bones.

The feast ended with a dish of raw animalcula in a wicker cage. A cheese had been surrounded with little twigs and strings, then a hole made in it and a little sour wine poured in. This speedily bred a small but numerous vermin. When the cheese was so rotten with them that only the twigs and string kept it from tumbling to pieces and walking off, it came to table. By a malicious caprice of Fate, cage and menagerie were put down right under the Dutchman's organ of self-torture. He recoiled with a loud ejaculation, and hung to the bench by the calves of his legs.

“What is the matter?” said a traveller disdainfully. “Does the good cheese scare ye? Then put it hither, in the name of all the saints!”

“Cheese!” cried Gerard. “I see none. These nauseous reptiles have made away with every bit of it.”

“Well,” replied another, “it is not gone far. By eating of the mites we eat the cheese to boot.”

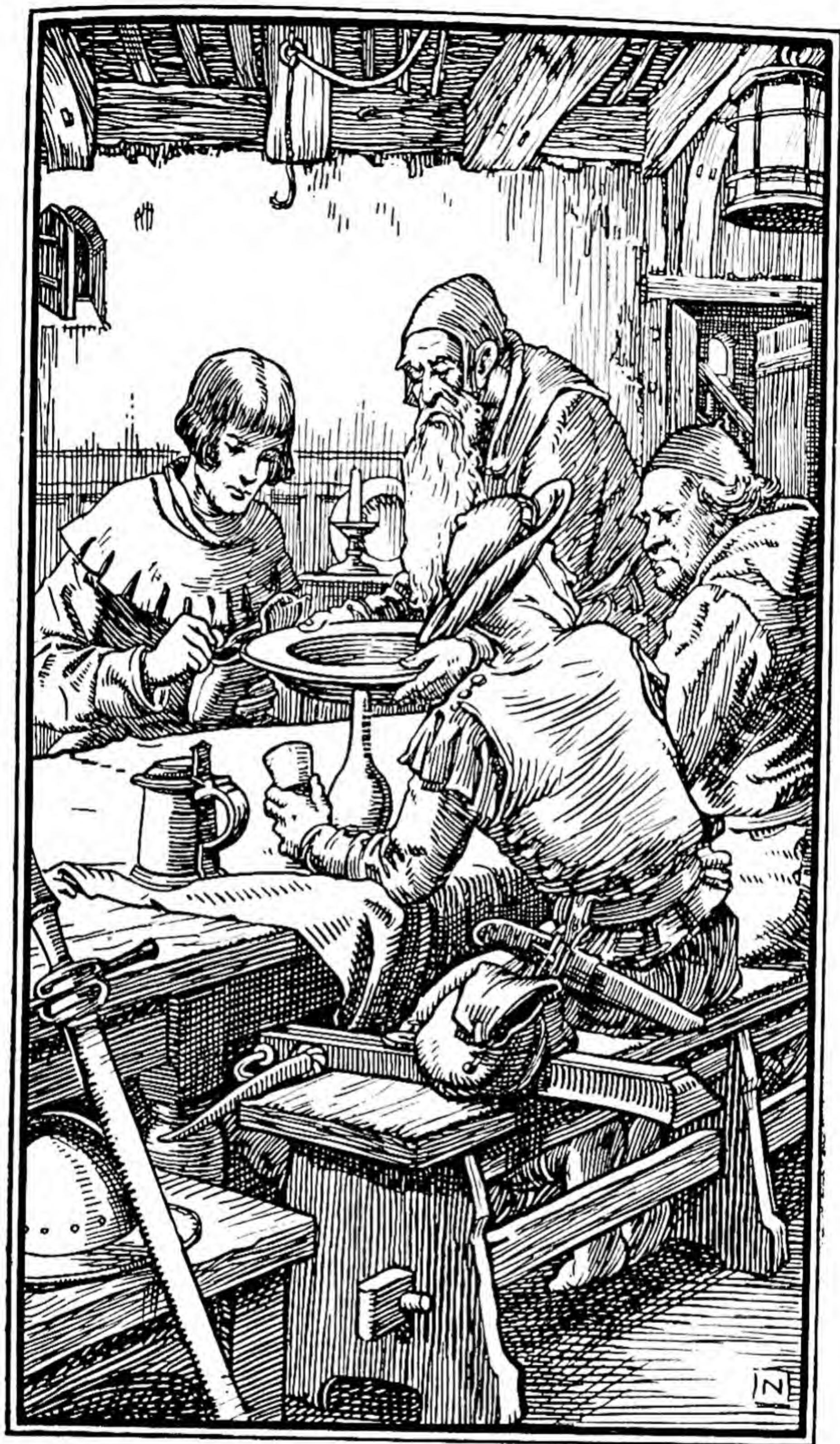
“Nay, not so,” said Gerard. “These reptiles are made like us, and digest their food and turn it to foul flesh even as we do ours to sweet. As well might you think to chew grass by eating of grass-fed beeves, as to eat cheese by swallowing these uncleanly insects.”

Gerard raised his voice in uttering this, and the company received the paradox in dead silence, and with a distrustful air.

Meantime, though shaken in argument, the raw reptiles were duly eaten and relished by the company, and served to provoke thirst, a principal aim of all the solids in that part of Germany. So now the company drank garausses all round, and their tongues were unloosed, and oh, the Babel! But above the fierce clamour rose at intervals, like some hero's war-cry in battle, the trumpet-like voice of the Burgundian soldier shouting lustily, “Courage, camarades, le diable est mort!”

Entered grisly Ganymede holding in his hand a wooden dish with circles and semicircles marked on it in chalk. He put it down on the table, and stood silent, sad, and sombre, as Charon by Styx waiting for his boatload of souls. Then pouches and purses were rummaged, and each threw a coin into the dish. Gerard timidly observed that he had drunk next to no beer, and inquired how much less he was to pay than the others.

“What mean you?” said Ganymede roughly.



"Entered grisly Ganymede."

"Whose fault is it you have not drunken? Are all to suffer because one chooses to be a milksop? You will pay no more than the rest and no less."

Gerard was abashed.

"Courage, petit, le diable est mort," hiccoughed the soldier, and flung Ganymede a coin.

"You are as bad as he is," said the old man peevishly; "you are paying too much." And the tyrannical old Aristides returned him some coin out of the trencher with a most reproachful countenance. And now, the man whom Gerard had confuted an hour and a half ago awoke from a brown study, in which he had been ever since, and came to him and said, "Yes; but the honey is none the worse for passing through the bees' bellies."

Gerard stared. The answer had been so long on the road he hadn't an idea what it was an answer to. Seeing him dumbfounded, the other concluded him confuted, and withdrew calmed.

The bedrooms were upstairs, dungeons with not a scrap of furniture except the bed, and a male servant settled inexorably who should sleep with whom. Neither money nor prayers would get a man a bed to himself here; custom forbade it sternly. You might as well have asked to monopolise a see-saw. They assigned to Gerard a man with a great black beard. He was an honest fellow enough, but not perfect. He would not go to bed, and would sit on the edge of it telling the wretched Gerard by force, and at length, the events of the day, and alternately laughing and crying at the same circumstances, which were not in the smallest degree pathetic or humorous, but only dead trivial. At last Gerard put his fingers in his ears, and lying down in his clothes, for the sheets were too dirty for him to undress, contrived to sleep. But in an hour or two he awoke cold, and found that

his drunken companion had got all the feather bed, so mighty is instinct. They lay between two beds, the lower hard and made of straw, the upper soft and filled with feathers light as down. Gerard pulled at it, but the experienced drunkard held it fast mechanically. Gerard tried to twitch it away by surprise, but instinct was too many for him. On this he got out of bed, and kneeling down on his bedfellow's unguarded side, easily whipped the prize away, and rolled with it under the bed, and there lay on one edge of it, and curled the rest round his shoulders. Before he slept he often heard something grumbling and growling above him, which was some little satisfaction. Thus Instinct was outwitted, and victorious Reason lay chuckling on feathers, and not quite choked with dust.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Charles Reade had an astonishing knowledge of life in the Middle Ages. In *The Cloister and the Hearth* he touches practically every side of it—kings and popes, priests and laymen, soldiers, sailors, scholars, merchants, beggars; count and castle, monastery and inn. This extract is probably the best account in all literature of a mediæval inn. It is worth reading more than once, and there are accounts of other inns at which Gerard stayed that may be compared with this.

2. Much of it is distinctly amusing. Select such passages, pointing out where the humour lies.

3. What touches show that the story relates to the Middle Ages?

4. Describe the various classes of people Gerard met in the inn.

5. Write a letter from Gerard to Margaret, describing his experiences.

6. What opinion of Gerard do you think was held by (a) the Burgundian soldier, (b) the old waiter, (c) the other guests ?

7. What do you think of Gerard's argument about the cheese, and the long-delayed reply of the countryman ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Give the meaning of : *Mausoleum*, *fortification*, *vulnerable*, *extinct*, *malicious*, *paradox*, *assigned*.

2. Explain these allusions, using a Classical Dictionary : "*The grisly Ganymede*" ; "*Charon by Styx*" ; "*Aristides*."

3. Explain more fully :

"*The head seemed to fall into a brown study.*"

"*The head pondered, and seemed a skull overburdened by catchpenny interrogatories.*"

"*Poor Gerard noticed the flaw in the ancient man's logic, but carefully suppressed every symptom of intelligence, lest his feet should have to carry his brain four leagues farther that night.*"

"*He counted them all on his fingers superciliously, like Abraham telling sheep.*"

4. Set out in order the incidents of the evening, thus :

(a) Gerard reaches an inn.

(b) He obtains entrance with difficulty.

5. Now, using these, write a short summary of the extract.

6. Condense the paragraph beginning "*The bedrooms were upstairs . . .*"

7. What Similes can you discover in the extract? Can you find any which are quite amusing?

8. Give a list of the Metaphors you have observed, e.g., "*the fortification had a vulnerable part.*" (The inn was not fortified, but the difficulty of entry suggested this.)

9. Punctuate:

The soldier then told him his name was denys and proposed that they should travel together soldier you would find me a dull companion said gerard Ill cheer you said denys I think you would said gerard we will go together as far as the rhine and god go with us both amen said denys and away they trudged.

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE

— CHARLES READE —

Here we read one of the many experiences which Gerard and Denys (the Burgundian soldier) met as they journeyed together towards Burgundy.

AS they drew near the Rhine, they passed through forest after forest, and now for the first time ugly words sounded in travellers' mouths, seated around stoves. "Thieves!" "black gangs!" "cut-throats!" etc.

The very rustics were said to have a custom hereabouts of murdering the unwary traveller in these gloomy woods, whose dark and devious windings enabled those who were familiar with them to do deeds of rapine and blood undetected, or, if detected, easily to baffle pursuit.

Certain it was that every clown they met carried, whether for offence or defence, a most formidable weapon, a light axe with a short pike at the head, and a long slender handle of ash or yew, well seasoned.

These the natives could all throw with singular precision, so as to make the point strike an object at several yards' distance, or could slay a bullock at hand with a stroke of the blade. Gerard bought one and practised with it. Denys quietly filed and ground his bolts sharp, whistling the whilst; and when they entered a gloomy wood, he would unsling his crossbow and carry it ready for action, but not so much like a traveller fearing an attack as a sportsman watchful not to miss a snap-shot.

One day, being in a forest a few leagues from Düsseldorf, as Gerard was walking like one in a dream, thinking of Margaret, and scarce seeing the road he trod, his companion laid a hand on his shoulder, and strung his crossbow with glittering eye. "Hush!" said he, in a low whisper that startled Gerard more than thunder. Gerard grasped his axe tight, and shook a little. He heard a rustling in the wood hard by, and at the same moment Denys sprang into the wood, and his crossbow went to his shoulder even as he jumped. Twang! went the metal string; and after an instant's suspense he roared, "Run forward, guard the road, he is hit! he is hit!"

Gerard darted forward, and as he ran a young bear burst out of the wood right upon him. Finding itself intercepted, it went up on its hind legs with a snarl, and, though not half-grown, opened formidable jaws and long claws. Gerard, in a fury of excitement and agitation, flung himself on it, and delivered a tremendous blow on its nose with his axe, and the creature staggered; another, and it lay grovelling with Gerard hacking it.

"Hallo! stop! you are mad to spoil the meat."

"I took it for a robber," said Gerard, panting. "I mean I had made ready for a robber, so I could not hold my hand."

"Ay, these chattering travellers have stuffed your head full of thieves and assassins. They have not got a real live robber in their whole nation. Nay, I'll carry the beast. Bear thou my crossbow."

"We will carry it by turns, then," said Gerard, "for 'tis a heavy load. Poor thing! how its blood drips! Why did we slay it?"

"For supper, and the reward the bailie of the next town shall give us."

"And for that it must die, when it had just begun to live; and perchance it hath a mother that will miss it sore this night, and loves it as ours love us; more than mine does me."

"What, know you not that his mother was caught in a pitfall last month, and her skin is now at the tanner's? and his father was stuck full of clothyard shafts t'other day, and died like Julius Cæsar, with his hands folded on his bosom, and a dead dog in each of them?"

But Gerard would not view it jestingly. "Why, then," said he, "we have killed one of God's creatures that was all alone in the world—as I am this day, in this strange land."

"You young milksop," roared Denys, "these things must not be looked at so, or not another bow would be drawn nor quarrel fly in forest nor battlefield. Why, one of your kidney consorting with a troop of pikemen should turn them to a row of milkpails. It is ended. To Rome thou goest not alone, for never wouldst thou reach the Alps in a whole skin. I take thee to Remiremont, my native place, and there I marry thee to my young sister; she is blooming as a peach. Thou shakest thy head? Ah, I forgot; thou lovest elsewhere. Well, then, I shall find thee not a wife, but a friend, some honest Burgundian who shall go with thee as far as Lyons; and much I doubt

that honest fellow will be myself, into whose liquor thou hast dropped sundry powders to make me love thee; for erst I endured not doves in doublet and hose. From Lyons, I say, I can trust thee by ship to Italy, which being by all accounts the very stronghold of milksops, thou wilt there be safe. They will hear thy words, and make thee their duke in a twinkling."

Gerard sighed. "In sooth, I love not to think of this Düsseldorf, where we are to part company, good friend."

They walked silently, each thinking of the separation at hand. The thought checked trifling conversation, and at these moments it is a relief to do something, however insignificant. Gerard asked Denys to lend him a bolt. "I have often shot with a long bow, but never with one of these!"

"Draw thy knife and cut this one out of the cub," said Denys slyly.

"Nay, nay, I want a clean one."

Denys gave him three out of his quiver.

Gerard strung the bow, and levelled it at a bough that had fallen into the road at some distance. The power of the instrument surprised him. The short but thick steel bow jarred him to the very heel as it went off, and the swift steel shaft was invisible in its passage; only the dead leaves, with which November had carpeted the narrow road, flew about on the other side of the bough.

"Ye aimed a thought too high," said Denys.

"What a deadly thing! No wonder it is driving out the long-bow, to Martin's much discontent."

"Ay, lad," said Denys triumphantly, "it gains ground every day, in spite of their laws and their proclamations to keep up the yewen bow, because, forsooth, their grandsires shot with it, knowing no

better. You see, Gerard, war is not pastime. Men will shoot at their enemies with the hittingest arm and the killingest, not with the longest and missingest."

"Then these new engines I hear of will put both bows down, for these, with a pinch of black dust, and a leaden ball, and a child's finger, shall slay you Mars and Goliath, and the Seven Champions."

"Pooh! Pooh!" said Denys warmly; "petrone nor harquebuss shall ever put down Sir Arbalest. Why, we can shoot ten times while they are putting their charcoal and their lead into their leathern smoke belchers, and then kindling their matches. All that is too fumbling for the field of battle. There a soldier's weapon needs be aye ready, like his heart."

Gerard did not answer, for his ear was attracted by a sound behind them. It was a peculiar sound too, like something heavy, but not hard, rushing softly over the dead leaves. He turned round with some little curiosity. A colossal creature was coming down the road at about sixty paces' distance.

He looked at it in a sort of calm stupor at first, but the next moment he turned ashy pale.

"Denys!" he cried. "O God! Denys!"

Denys whirled round.

It was a bear as big as a cart-horse.

It was tearing along with its huge head down, running on a hot scent.

The very moment he saw it Denys said in a sickening whisper:

"THE CUB!"

Oh! the concentrated horror of that one word, whispered hoarsely with dilating eyes! For in that syllable it all flashed upon them both like a sudden stroke of lightning in the dark—the bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it*. DEATH.

All this in a moment of time. The next, she saw them. Huge as she was, she seemed to double herself (it was her long hair bristling with rage). She raised her head as big as a bull's, her swine-shaped jaws opened wide at them, her eyes turned to blood and flame, and she rushed upon them, scattering the leaves about her like a whirlwind as she came.

"Shoot!" screamed Denys; but Gerard stood shaking from head to foot, useless.

"Shoot, man! ten thousand devils, shoot! Too late! Tree! tree!" And he dropped the cub, pushed Gerard across the road, and flew to the first tree and climbed it, Gerard the same on his side; and as they fled, both men uttered inhuman howls like savage creatures grazed by death.

With all their speed, one or other would have been torn to fragments at the foot of his tree; but the bear stopped a moment at the cub.

Without taking her bloodshot eyes off those she was hunting, she smelt it all round and found—how, her Creator only knows—that it was dead, quite dead. She gave a yell such as neither of the hunted ones had ever heard, nor dreamed to be in nature, and flew after Denys. She reared and struck at him as he climbed. He was just out of reach.

Instantly she seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it slowly, but as surely as a monkey.

Denys's evil star had led him to a dead tree, a mere shaft, and of no very great height. He climbed faster than his pursuer, and was soon at the top. He looked this way and that for some bough of another tree to spring to. There was none; and if he jumped down, he knew the bear would be upon him ere he could recover the fall, and make short work of him.

Moreover, Denys was little used to turning his back on danger, and his blood was rising at being hunted. He turned to bay.

"My hour is come," thought he. "Let me meet death like a man." He kneeled down and grasped a small shoot to steady himself, drew his long knife, and clenching his teeth, prepared to job the huge brute as soon as it should mount within reach.

Of this combat the result was not doubtful.

The monster's head and neck were scarce vulnerable for bone and masses of hair. The man was going to sting the bear, and the bear to crack the man like a nut.

Gerard's heart was better than his nerves. He saw his friend's mortal danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree in a moment, caught up the crossbow, which he had dropped in the road, and running furiously up, sent a bolt into the bear's body with a loud shout. The bear gave a snarl of rage and pain, and turned its head irresolutely.

"Keep aloof!" cried Denys, "or you are a dead man."

"I care not." And in a moment he had another bolt ready, and shot it fiercely into the bear, screaming, "Take that! take that!"

Denys poured a volley of oaths down at him. "Get away, idiot!"

He was right. The bear, finding so formidable and noisy a foe behind him, slipped growling down the tree, rending deep furrows in it as she slipped. Gerard ran back to his tree and climbed it swiftly. But while his legs were dangling some eight feet from the ground, the bear came rearing, and struck with her forepaw, and out flew a piece of bloody cloth from Gerard's hose. He climbed, and climbed; and

presently he heard, as it were in the air, a voice say, "Go out on the bough!" He looked, and there was a long massive branch before him, shooting upwards at a slight angle. He threw his body across it, and by a series of convulsive efforts worked up it to the end.

Then he looked round panting.

The bear was mounting the tree on the other side. He heard her claws scrape, and saw her bulge on both sides of the massive tree. Her eye not being very quick, she reached the fork and passed it, mounting the main stem. Gerard drew breath more freely. The bear either heard him, or found by scent she was wrong. She paused. Presently she caught sight of him. She eyed him steadily, then quietly descended to the fork.

Slowly and cautiously she stretched out a paw and tried the bough. It was a stiff oak branch, sound as iron. Instinct taught the creature this. It crawled carefully out on the bough, growling savagely as it came.

Gerard looked wildly down. He was forty feet from the ground. Death below. Death moving slow but sure on him in a still more horrible form. His hair bristled. The sweat poured from him. He sat helpless, fascinated, tongue-tied.

As the fearful monster crawled growling towards him, incongruous thoughts coursed through his mind. Margaret—the Vulgate where it speaks of the rage of a she-bear robbed of her whelps—Rome—eternity.

The bear crawled on. And now the stupor of death fell on the doomed man; he saw the open jaws and bloodshot eyes coming, but in a mist.

As in a mist he heard a twang. He glanced down. Denys, white and silent as death, was shooting up at the bear. The bear snarled at the twang, but crawled on. Again the crossbow twanged, and the bear

snarled, and came nearer. Again the crossbow twanged, and the next moment the bear was close upon Gerard, where he sat, with hair standing stiff on end, and eyes starting from their sockets, palsied. The bear opened her jaws like a grave, and hot blood spouted from them upon Gerard as from a pump. The bough rocked. The wounded monster was reeling; it clung, it stuck its sickles of claws deep into the wood; it toppled, its claws held firm, but its body rolled off, and the sudden shock to the branch shook Gerard forward on his stomach with his face upon one of the bear's straining paws. At this, by a convulsive effort, she raised her head up, up, till he felt her hot fetid breath. Then huge teeth snapped together loudly close below him in the air, with a last effort of baffled hate. The ponderous carcass rent the claws out of the bough, then pounded the earth with a tremendous thump. There was a shout of triumph below, and the very next instant a cry of dismay; for Gerard had swooned, and without an attempt to save himself, rolled headlong from the perilous height.

Denys caught at Gerard, and somewhat checked his fall; but it may be doubted whether this alone would have saved him from breaking his neck or a limb. His best friend now was the dying bear, on whose hairy carcass his head and shoulders descended. Denys tore him off her. It was needless. She panted still, and her limbs quivered, but a hare was not so harmless; and soon she breathed her last; and the judicious Denys propped Gerard up against her, being soft, and fanned him.

Gerard's slight wound led to a most amusing experience with a physician; he recovered, and the comrades resumed their journey. Finally they were separated, because Denys was forced to join a force marching north. But years afterwards, when Denys was crippled and in want, Gerard met and befriended him.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Few people could describe a thrilling adventure better than Charles Reade. In this case note how the excitement they sought was not really important, and how the real danger burst upon them suddenly. Show that this was so.
2. Notice also how vividly the scenes stand out. Arrange the incidents in order, thus (a) They hear a rustling, (b) Denys fires, etc.
3. You must observe further how skilfully the author works up to a climax: "The bloody trail, the murdered cub, the mother upon them, *and it*. DEATH!" Give other illustrations.
4. How does the incident show the unselfishness of both men?
5. Write in your own words, briefly, the story of the bear's attack.
6. Now write it as you think Gerard would have written it to Margaret.
7. Denys called Gerard a milksop. This is a harsh term. Did Denys really mean this?
8. Give the views of Denys with regard to weapons. Were they correct?
9. What touches show the intelligence and the fury of the bear?
10. Write a story headed "*A Narrow Escape from Wolves.*"

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Make a list of the words with which you are not familiar, and opposite them write their meaning.

2. Reade uses Adjectives very skilfully. "The very rustics were said to have a custom hereabouts of murdering the *unwary* traveller in these *gloomy* woods, whose *dark* and *devious* windings . . ." Select other examples.

3. What was the Vulgate? (If your Dictionary is useless here, consult an Encyclopædia.)

4. The reference to the bear robbed of her cubs will be found in Hosea xiii. Read the passage, and transcribe it.

5. What does the word *milksop* mean? How did it get this meaning, do you think?

6. Trace similarly the meaning of a *Bluebeard*, a *tomboy*, a *Goliath*, a *Samson*.

7. Observe how the author's style varies. At times he writes in long rolling sentences. At other times they are short and swift. Give examples of each.

8. Summarise (a) The slaying of the cub.

(b) The adventure of Gerard in the tree.

9. There are certain incomplete sentences in this passage. Search them out. Insert the necessary words to complete them.

10. In an extract like this, is such a feature a mark of bad English? Give reasons for your answer.

11. TENSES OF VERBS. *Tense* means *time*. A Verb has three chief Tenses: Past, Present, Future. Thus: *Denys filed his bolts* (Past). *Denys files* (or, *is filing*) *his bolts* (Present). *Denys will file his bolts* (Future).

12. Rewrite the following in the Present Tense, then in the Future Tense:

(a) "She seized the tree, and with her huge teeth tore a great piece out of it with a crash. Then she reared again, dug her claws deep into the bark, and began to mount it."

(b) "He saw his friend's danger, and passed at once from fear to blindish rage. He slipped down his tree, caught up the crossbow, and sent a bolt into the bear's body. The bear gave a snarl, and turned its head."

THE REBUILDING OF JERUSALEM

— *THE BIBLE (AUTHORISED VERSION)* —

THE words of Nehemiah the son of Hachaliah.
And it came to pass in the month Chisleu, in the twentieth year, as I was in Shushan the palace,

That Hanani, one of my brethren, came, he and certain men of Judah ; and I asked them concerning the Jews that had escaped, which were left of the captivity, and concerning Jerusalem.

And they said unto me, The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach : the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down, and the gates thereof are burnt with fire.

And it came to pass, when I heard these words, that I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven,

And said, I beseech thee, O Lord God of heaven, the great and terrible God, that keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love him and observe his commandments :

Let thine ear now be attentive, and thine eyes open, that thou mayest hear the prayer of thy servant, which I pray before thee now, day and night, for the children of Israel thy servants, and confess the sins of the children of Israel, which we have sinned against thee : both I and my father's house have sinned.

We have dealt very corruptly against thee, and have not kept the commandments, nor the statutes, nor the judgments, which thou commandedst thy servant Moses.

Remember, I beseech thee, the word that thou commandedst thy servant Moses, saying, If ye transgress, I will scatter you abroad among the nations :

But if ye turn unto me, and keep my commandments, and do them, though there were of you cast out unto the uttermost part of the heaven, yet will I gather them from thence, and will bring them unto the place that I have chosen to set my name there.

Now these are thy servants and thy people, whom thou hast redeemed by thy great power, and by thy strong hand.

O Lord, I beseech thee, let now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who desire to fear thy name ; and prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man. For I was the king's cup-bearer.

And it came to pass in the month Nisan, in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes the king, that wine was before him : and I took up the wine, and gave it unto the king. Now I had not been beforetime sad in his presence.

Wherefore the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick ? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart. Then I was very sore afraid,

And said unto the king, Let the king live for ever : why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire ?

Then the king said unto me, For what dost thou make request ? So I prayed to the God of heaven.

And I said unto the king, If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favour in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my fathers' sepulchres, that I may build it.

And the king said unto me (the queen also sitting

by him), For how long shall thy journey be? and when wilt thou return? So it pleased the king to send me; and I set him a time.

Moreover I said unto the king, If it please the king, let letters be given me to the governors beyond the river, that they may convey me over till I come into Judah;

And a letter unto Asaph the keeper of the king's forest, that he may give me timber to make beams for the gates of the palace which appertained to the house, and for the wall of the city, and for the house that I shall enter into. And the king granted me, according to the good hand of my God upon me.

Then I came to the governors beyond the river, and gave them the king's letters. Now the king had sent captains of the army and horsemen with me.

When Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, heard of it, it grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel.

So I came to Jerusalem, and was there three days.

And I arose in the night, I and some few men with me; neither told I any man what my God had put in my heart to do at Jerusalem: neither was there any beast with me, save the beast that I rode upon.

And I went out by night by the gate of the valley, even before the dragon well, and to the dung port, and viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and the gates thereof were consumed with fire.

Then I went on to the gate of the fountain, and to the king's pool: but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass.

Then went I up in the night by the brook, and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the valley, and so returned.

And the rulers knew not whither I went, or what

I did ; neither had I as yet told it to the Jews, nor to the priests, nor to the nobles, nor to the rulers, nor to the rest that did the work.

Then said I unto them, Ye see the distress that we are in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire : come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach.

Then I told them of the hand of my God, which was good upon me ; as also the king's words that he had spoken unto me. And they said, Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work.

But when Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, and Geshem the Arabian, heard it, they laughed us to scorn, and despised us, and said, What is this thing that ye do ? will ye rebel against the king ?

Then answered I them, and said unto them, The God of heaven, he will prosper us ; therefore we his servants will arise and build : but ye have no portion, nor right, nor memorial, in Jerusalem.

Nehemiah, chapters i.-ii.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This is an extract from one of the later historical books of the Old Testament. The people of Judah had been carried away captive to Babylon. In Psalm cxxxvii. you may read of their anguish in captivity. Read the Psalm (p. 50).

2. But after seventy years a number were permitted to return. To realise their joy, read Psalm cxxvi. (p. 51).

3. Nehemiah was a person of authority, high in favour at Babylon. What shows this ?

4. But nothing could remove from his mind the remembrance of Jerusalem. The love of home is strong in all men. Our great poet Kipling says :

“ God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each, one spot should prove
Beloved over all.”

What shows that it was strong in Nehemiah ?

5. We might expect this from a Jew. For all aspects of his life centred round his religion, and Jerusalem with its Temple was the centre of his religion. Read Psalm cxxii.

6. But the strength of the feeling in Nehemiah is very wonderful when we remember where he was born. Had he ever seen Jerusalem ?

7. He was saddened by the account of the desolation of the Holy City, and determined at all costs to go. Did this involve any risk or sacrifice ?

8. What shows he was a very shrewd man ?

9. He was also a person of dauntless determination. What indicates this ?

10. Read the rest of the Book of Nehemiah to learn how he and his companions succeeded in their task.

11. A man who will love and serve his country even when her power is broken, her spirit is crushed, and her enemies are powerful, is truly great. Such was Nehemiah. Can you name any others ? If so, give a short account of what they did.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

— WASHINGTON IRVING —

This delightful tale, which is here necessarily abridged, was written by the author of *Rip Van Winkle*.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose, and the occasional whistle of a quail or tapping of a woodpecker is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys, throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor during the early days of the settlement. Certain it is, the country still continues under the sway of some witching power that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous

beliefs ; are subject to trances and visions ; and frequently see strange sights and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions ; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country-folk hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows, and the spectre is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

In this by-place of nature there abode, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top, with huge ears, large green

glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard on a drowsy summer's day like the hum of a beehive, interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

When school hours were over he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys, and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread,

for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda ; but to help out his maintenance he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

He had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labours of their farms : helped to make hay, mended the fences, took the horses to water, drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He found favour in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest ; and he would sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery with a band of chosen singers, where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation.

He was an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse. and there con over old Mather's direful tales until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere-

mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way by swamp and stream and awful woodland to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling, in the thicket, of birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if by chance a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him.

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered

with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his mighty scourings!

Among the musical disciples who assembled one evening in each week to receive his instructions in psalmody was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was, withal, a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms.

Ichabod determined to marry her, for her father was rich; but there were other suitors.

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade of the name of Abraham, or Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights, and, with the

ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humour at bottom. The neighbours looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will, and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke, and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high, as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-

block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him. He had overheard a boast of Bones that he would “double the schoolmaster up and lay him on a shelf of his own schoolhouse”; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough-riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains, smoked out his singing-school by stopping up the chimney, broke into the schoolhouse at night in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there.

On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary

realm. In his hand he swayed a ferrule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins, such as half-munched apples, pop-guns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them, with one eye kept upon the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arrang-

ing his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer ; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs ; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still, he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge by the name he bore of Gunpowder.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle ; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers' ; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand like a sceptre, and as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favourite steed, Daredevil—a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

There was much feasting and dancing, in which Ichabod had his share.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times and drawing out long stories about the war.

Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains and mourning cries and wailings. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favourite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper, that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with

which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod pursued his travels homewards along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson ; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker ; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbour-

hood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling, but, on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to

the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and, besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents: "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of

Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him ; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck on perceiving that he was headless ! but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation ; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip, but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow, but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down the hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase ; but, just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain, and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach the bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him ; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge ; he thundered over the resounding planks ; he gained the opposite side ; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash, he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of

the brook ; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt ; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him : the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive ; that he had left the neighbourhood partly through fear of the goblin, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress ; and that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country. Brom Bones, too,

who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means, and it is a favourite story often told about the neighbourhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The schoolhouse, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Washington Irving's tales and sketches are very attractive. This tale is taken from a volume called *The Sketch Book*. This very celebrated story is delightful, even apart from the tale itself, for its sketches of the people. Give a character-sketch of Ichabod Crane.

2. Then there are the entertaining pictures of the scenes. Irving excelled in description. Point out the special features in his description of Sleepy Hollow.

3. What touches of humour are there in this description? Point out similar touches in other descriptions in this extract.

4. He could also picture admirably a person's terrors. Illustrate this by reference to Ichabod's ride home.

5. Give a word-picture of Katrina.

6. Why did Ichabod wish to marry her?

7. Can you set forth the reasons why Katrina was not willing to become his bride?

8. In his stories, Irving is very skilful in working up to a climax. Why does he write so much about the Galloping Hessian?

9. Show how skilfully he makes all the events of the evening lead up to the climax.

10. Tell briefly in your own words how the poor school-master was deluded and terrified.

11. Write the story as Brom Bones might have related it to a boon-companion.

12. Now write it as Katrina told it to a girl-friend.

13. Point out how Irving suggests the real solution, while making it possible for the popular one to gain belief.

14. Show that the same type of ending is to be found in Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and Charles Dickens' *Gabriel Grub*.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Washington Irving always uses a considerable number of long words. Make a list of those you do not understand, and use the Dictionary to find their meaning.

2. Give Synonyms for: *Tranquillity, reverie, apparition, adjacent, vicinity, sojourned, cognomen, spectre, disciples, pedagogue, waggery, boorish, pensive.*

3. Notice the phrase "the occasional *whistle* of a quail or *tapping* of a woodpecker." Fill in the blanks in these

phrases : *The — of a dove ; the — of an eagle ; the — of a sparrow ; the — of a raven ; the — of a jay ; the — of a curlew ; the — of a night-jar ; the — of an owl.*

4. At times Washington Irving delights in long, quaint, ponderous-looking sentences to express quite simple facts. These are often very amusing. How does he express the following :

- (a) "*Something makes the people very thoughtful.*"
- (b) "*In this quiet place lived a man named Ichabod Crane who taught the children of the district.*"
- (c) "*He was severe to his scholars.*"

5. Irving says the schoolmaster's head looked "*like a weathercock perched upon his spindle-neck to tell which way the wind blew.*" Find other good Similes.

6. Summarise :

- (a) Ichabod's terrors in the early part of his ride home.
- (b) The events just before the bridge was reached.
- (c) The terrible happenings at the bridge.

7. Some of his phrases have a quiet sarcasm. "*The old wives who are the best judges of these matters.*" Find other examples.

8. Notice the phrase "*old wives.*" The word *wives* here means women. The word has narrowed in meaning. It is interesting to trace the original meaning of our common words. What was the early meaning of : *Lady, king, duke, child, knight* ?

9. Analyse :

"*Every sound of nature at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination.*"

"*How often was he appalled by some shrub.*"

"*This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina.*"

"*Ichabod made his advances in a quiet and insinuating manner*"

GOBLIN MARKET

— C. G. ROSSETTI —

Christina G. Rossetti (1830–1894) wrote many poems, chiefly of a religious nature. But “Goblin Market” is her best-known work. It is a strange tale, beautifully told, of a girl who was tempted by the goblins, yielded, and was rescued from the death that threatened her by the courage and love of her sister.

MORNING and evening
Maids heard the goblins cry :
“Come buy our orchard fruits,
Come buy, come buy :
Apples and quinces,
Lemons and oranges,
Plump unpecked cherries,
Melons and raspberries,
Bloom-down-cheeked peaches,
Swart-headed mulberries,
Wild free-born cranberries,
Crab-apples, dewberries,
Pine-apples, blackberries,
Apricots, strawberries ;—
All ripe together
In summer weather,—
Morns that pass by,
Fair eves that fly ;
Come buy, come buy :
Our grapes fresh from the vine,
Pomegranates full and fine,
Dates and sharp bullaces,
Rare pears and greengages,
Damsons and bilberries,
Taste them and try :

Currants and gooseberries,
Bright-fire-like barberries,
Figs to fill your mouth,
Citrons from the South,
Sweet to tongue and sound to eye ;
Come buy, come buy."

Evening by evening
Among the brookside rushes,
Laura bowed her head to hear,
Lizzie veiled her blushes :
Crouching close together
In the cooling weather,
With clasping arms and cautioning lips,
With tingling cheeks and finger tips.
"Lie close," Laura said,
Pricking up her golden head :
"We must not look at goblin men,
We must not buy their fruits :
Who knows upon what soil they fed
Their hungry, thirsty roots ?"
"Come buy," call the goblins
Hobbling down the glen.
"Oh," cried Lizzie, "Laura, Laura,
You should not peep at goblin men."
Lizzie covered up her eyes,
Covered close lest they should look ;
Laura reared her glossy head,
And whispered like the restless brook :
"Look, Lizzie, look, Lizzie,
Down the glen tramp little men.
One hauls a basket,
One bears a plate,
One lugs a golden dish
Of many pounds' weight.

How fair the vine must grow
Whose grapes are so luscious ;
How warm the wind must blow
Through those fruit bushes."
"No," said Lizzie : "No, no, no ;
Their offers should not charm us,
Their evil gifts would harm us."
She thrust a dimpled finger
In each ear, shut eyes and ran :
Curious Laura chose to linger
Wondering at each merchant man.
One had a cat's face,
One whisked a tail,
One tramped at a rat's pace,
One crawled like a snail,
One like a wombat prowled obtuse and furry,
One like a ratel tumbled hurry skurry.
She heard a voice like voice of doves
Cooing all together :
They sounded kind and full of loves
In the pleasant weather.

Laura stretched her gleaming neck
Like a rush-imbedded swan,
Like a lily from the beck,
Like a moonlit poplar branch,
Like a vessel at the launch
When its last restraint is gone.

Backwards up the mossy glen
Turned and trooped the goblin men,
With their shrill repeated cry,
"Come buy, come buy."
When they reached where Laura was,
They stood stock-still upon the moss,

Leering at each other,
Brother with queer brother ;
Signalling each other,
Brother with sly brother.
One set his basket down,
One reared his plate ;
One began to weave a crown
Of tendrils, leaves, and rough nuts brown
(Men sell not such in any town) ;
One heaved the golden weight
Of dish and fruit to offer her :
“ Come buy, come buy,” was still their cry.
Laura stared but did not stir,
Longed, but had no money :
The whisk-tailed merchant bade her taste
In tones as smooth as honey,
The cat-faced purr’d,
The rat-faced spoke a word
Of welcome, and the snail-paced even was heard
One parrot-voiced and jolly
Cried “ Pretty Goblin ” still for “ Pretty Polly ”
One whistled like a bird.

But sweet-tooth Laura spoke in haste :
“ Good Folk, I have no coin ;
To take were to purloin :
I have no copper in my purse,
I have no silver either,
And all my gold is on the furze
That shakes in windy weather
Above the rusty heather.”
“ You have much gold upon your head,”
They answered all together :
“ Buy from us with a golden curl.”
She clipped a precious golden lock,

She dropped a tear more rare than pearl,
Then sucked their fruit globes fair or red.
Sweeter than honey from the rock,
Stronger than man-rejoicing wine,
Clearer than water flowed that juice ;
She never tasted such before,
How should it cloy with length of use ?
She sucked and sucked and sucked the more
Fruits which that unknown orchard bore ;
She sucked until her lips were sore ;
Then flung the emptied rinds away
But gathered up one kernel-stone,
And knew not was it night or day
As she turned home alone.

•

Lizzie met her at the gate
Full of wise upbraidings :
“ Dear, you should not stay so late,
Twilight is not good for maidens ;
Should not loiter in the glen
In the haunts of goblin men.
Do you not remember Jeanie,
How she met them in the moonlight,
Took their gifts both choice and many,
Ate their fruits and wore their flowers
Plucked from bowers
Where summer ripens at all hours ?
But ever in the noonlight
She pined and pined away ;
Sought them by night and day,
Found them no more, but dwindled and grew grey ;
Then fell with the first snow,
While to this day no grass will grow
Where she lies low :
I planted daisies there a year ago

That never blow.
You should not loiter so.”
“Nay, hush,” said Laura :
“Nay, hush, my sister :
I ate and ate my fill,
Yet my mouth waters still :
To-morrow night I will
Buy more ; ” and kissed her :
“Have done with sorrow ;
I’ll bring you plums to-morrow
Fresh on their mother twigs,
Cherries worth getting ;
You cannot think what figs
My teeth have met in,
What melons icy-cold
Piled on a dish of gold
Too huge for me to hold,
What peaches with a velvet nap,
Pellucid grapes without one seed :
Odorous indeed must be the mead
Whereon they grow, and pure the wave they drink
With lilies at the brink,
And sugar-sweet their sap.”

Golden head by golden head,
Like two pigeons in one nest
Folded in each other’s wings,
They lay down in their curtained bed :
Like two blossoms on one stem,
Like two flakes of new-fall’n snow,
Like two wands of ivory
Tipped with gold for awful kings.
Moon and stars gazed in at them,
Wind sang to them lullaby,
Lumbering owls forebore to fly,

Not a bat flapped to and fro
Round their nest :
Cheek to cheek and breast to breast
Locked together in one nest.

Early in the morning
When the first cock crowed his warning,
Neat like bees, as sweet and busy,
Laura rose with Lizzie :
Fetched in honey, milked the cows,
Aired and set to rights the house,
Kneaded cakes of whitest wheat,
Cakes for dainty mouths to eat,
Next churned butter, whipped up cream,
Fed their poultry, sat and sewed ;
Talked as modest maidens should :
Lizzie with an open heart,
Laura in an absent dream,
One content, one sick in part ;
One warbling for the mere bright day's delight,
One longing for the night.

At length slow evening came :
They went with pitchers to the reedy brook ;
Lizzie most placid in her look,
Laura most like a leaping flame.
They drew the gurgling water from its deep,
Lizzie plucked purple and rich golden flags,
Then turning homeward said : " The sunset flushes
Those furthest loftiest crags ;
Come, Laura, not another maiden lags.
No wilful squirrel wags,
The beasts and birds are fast asleep."
But Laura loitered still among the rushes,
And said the bank was steep.

And said the hour was early still,
The dew not fall'n, the wind not chill ;
Listening ever, but not catching
The customary cry,
"Come buy, come buy,"
With its iterated jingle
Of sugar-baited words :
Not for all her watching
Once discerning even one goblin
Racing, whisking, tumbling, hobbling ;
Let alone the herds
That used to tramp along the glen,
In groups or single,
Of brisk fruit-merchant men.

Till Lizzie urged, "O Laura, come ;
I hear the fruit-call, but I dare not look :
You should not loiter longer at this brook :
Come with me home.
The stars rise, the moon bends her arc,
Each glow-worm winks her spark,
Let us get home before the night grows dark :
For clouds may gather
Though this is summer weather,
Put out the lights and drench us through ;
Then if we lost our way what should we do ?

Laura turned cold as stone
To find her sister heard that cry alone,
That goblin cry,
"Come buy our fruits, come buy."
Must she then buy no more such dainty fruit
Must she no more such succous pasture find,
Gone deaf and blind ?
Her tree of life drooped from the root :

She said not one word in her heart's sore ache :
But peering thro' the dimness, nought discerning,
Trudged home, her pitcher dripping all the way ;
So crept to bed, and lay
Silent till Lizzie slept ;
Then sat up in a passionate yearning,
And gnashed her teeth for baulked desire, and wept
As if her heart would break.

Day after day, night after night,
Laura kept watch in vain
In sullen silence of exceeding pain.
She never caught again the goblin cry,
"Come buy, come buy ;"—
She never spied the goblin men
Hawking their fruits along the glen :
But when the noon waxed bright
Her hair grew thin and grey ;
She dwindled, as the fair full moon doth turn
To swift decay and burn
Her fire away.

She no more swept the house,
Tended the fowls or cows,
Fetched honey, kneaded cakes of wheat,
Brought water from the brook :
But sat down listless in the chimney-nook
And would not eat.

Tender Lizzie could not bear
To watch her sister's cankerous care,
Yet not to share.
She night and morning
Caught the goblins' cry :
"Come buy our orchard fruits.

Come buy, come buy : "—
Beside the brook, along the glen,
She heard the tramp of goblin men,
The voice and stir
Poor Laura could not hear ;
Longed to buy fruit to comfort her,
But feared to pay too dear.

Till Laura dwindling
Seemed knocking at Death's door ;
Then Lizzie weighed no more
Better and worse ;
But put a silver penny in her purse,
Kissed Laura, crossed the heath with clumps of fur
At twilight, halted by the brook :
And for the first time in her life
Began to listen and look.

Laughed every goblin
When they spied her peeping :
Came towards her hobbling,
Flying, running, leaping,
Puffing and blowing,
Chuckling, clapping, crowing,
Clucking and gobbling,
Mopping and mowing,
Full of airs and graces,
Pulling wry faces,
Demure grimaces,
Cat-like and rat-like,
Ratel- and wombat-like,
Snail-paced in a hurry,
Parrot-voiced and whistler,
Helter skelter, hurry skurry,
Chattering like magpies,

Fluttering like pigeons,
Gliding like fishes,—
Hugged her and kissed her :
Squeezed and caressed her :
Stretched up their dishes,
Panniers, and plates :
“Look at our apples
Russet and dun,
Bob at our cherries,
Bite at our peaches,
Citrons and dates,
Grapes for the asking,
Pears red with basking
Out in the sun,
Plums on their twigs ;
Pluck them and suck them,
Pomegranates, figs.”—

“Good folk,” said Lizzie,
Mindful of Jeanie :
“Give me much and many :”
Held out her apron,
Tossed them her penny.
“Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us,”
They answered grinning :
“Our feast is but beginning.
Night yet is early,
Warm and dew-pearly,
Wakeful and starry :
Such fruits as these
No man can carry ;
Half their bloom would fly,
Half their dew would dry,
Half their flavour would pass by.

Sit down and feast with us,
Be welcome guest with us,
Cheer you and rest with us."—
"Thank you," said Lizzie: "But one waits
At home alone for me:
So without further parleying,
If you will not sell me any
Of your fruits though much and many,
Give me back my silver penny
I tossed you for a fee."—
They began to scratch their pates,
No longer wagging, purring,
But visibly demurring,
Grunting and snarling,
One called her proud,
Cross-grained, uncivil;
Their tones waxed loud,
Their looks were evil.
Lashing their tails
They trod and hustled her,
Elbowed and jostled her,
Clawed with their nails,
Barking, mewling, hissing, mocking,
Tore her gown and soiled her stocking,
Twitched her hair out by the roots,
Stamped upon her tender feet,
Held her hands and squeezed their fruits
Against her mouth to make her eat.

One may lead a horse to water,
Twenty cannot make him drink.
Though the goblins cuffed and caught her,
Coaxed and fought her,
Bullied and besought her,
Scratched her, pinched her black as ink,

Kicked and knocked her,
Mauled and mocked her,
Lizzie uttered not a word;
Would not open lip from lip
Lest they should cram a mouthful in;
But laughed in heart to feel the drip
Of juice that syruiped all her face,
And lodged in dimples of her chin,
And streaked her neck which quaked like curd.
At last the evil people,
Worn out by her resistance,
Flung back her penny, kicked their fruit
Along whichever road they took,
Not leaving root or stone or shoot;
Some writhed into the ground,
Some dived into the brook
With ring and ripple,
Some scudded on the gale without a sound,
Some vanished in the distance.

In a smart, ache, tingle,
Lizzie went her way;
Knew not was it night or day;
Sprang up the bank, tore thro' the furze,
Threaded copse and dingle,
And heard her penny jingle
Bouncing in her purse,—
Its bounce was music to her ear.
She ran and ran
As if she feared some goblin man
Dogged her with gibe or curse
Or something worse:
But not one goblin scurried after,
Nor was she pricked by fear;
The kind heart made her windy-paced

That urged her home quite out of breath with hast
And inward laughter.

She cried, "Laura," up the garden,
"Did you miss me ?
Come and kiss me.
Never mind my bruises,
Hug me, kiss me, suck my juices
Squeezed from goblin fruits for you,
Goblin pulp and goblin dew.
Eat me, drink me, love me ;
Laura, make much of me :
For your sake I have braved the glen
And had to do with goblin merchant men."

Laura started from her chair,
Flung her arms up in the air,
Clutched her hair :
"Lizzie, Lizzie, have you tasted
For my sake the fruit forbidden ?
Must your light like mine be hidden,
Your young life like mine be wasted,
Undone in mine undoing,
And ruined in my ruin, .
Thirsty, cankered, goblin-ridden ?"—
She clung about her sister,
Kissed and kissed and kissed her :
Tears once again
Refreshed her shrunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth ;
Shaking with aguish fear, and pain,
She kissed and kissed her with a hungry mouth.

Her lips began to scorch,
That juice was wormwood to her tongue,
She loathed the feast :

Writhing as one possessed she leaped and sung,
Rent all her robe, and wrung
Her hands in lamentable haste,
And beat her breast.

Like a lightning-stricken mast,
Like a wind-uprooted tree
Spun about,
Like a foam-topped waterspout
Cast down headlong in the sea,
She fell at last ;
Pleasure past and anguish past,
Is it death or is it life ?

Life out of death.

That night long Lizzie watched by her,
Counted her pulse's flagging stir,
Felt for her breath,
Held water to her lips, and cooled her face
With tears and fanning leaves :
But when the first birds chirped about their eaves,
And early reapers plodded to the place
Of golden sheaves,
And dew-wet grass
Bowed in the morning winds so brisk to pass,
And new buds with new day
Opened of cup-like lilies on the stream,
Laura awoke as from a dream,
Laughed in the innocent old way,
Hugged Lizzie but not twice or thrice ;
Her gleaming locks showed not one thread of grey,
Her breath was sweet as May,
And light danced in her eyes.

Days, weeks, months, years,
Afterwards, when both were wives
With children of their own ;
Their mother-hearts beset with fears

Their lives bound up in tender lives ;
 Laura would call the little ones
 And tell them of her early prime,
 Those pleasant days long gone
 Of not-returning time :
 Would talk about the haunted glen,
 The wicked, quaint fruit-merchant men,
 Their fruits like honey to the throat
 But poison in the blood
 (Men sell not such in any town) :
 Would tell them how her sister stood
 In deadly peril to do her good,
 And win the fiery antidote :
 Then joining hands to little hands
 Would bid them cling together,—
 “ For there is no friend like a sister
 In calm or stormy weather ;
 To cheer one on the tedious way,
 To fetch one if one goes astray,
 To lift one if one totters down,
 To strengthen whilst one stands.”

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. This is a strange, fantastic story with a very sweet noble lesson. What is the lesson ?
2. Notice the quick, almost jerky, metre in which the poem is written. This is particularly suitable in a “ goblin poem.”
3. The metre is irregular. Why does it become particularly jerky and hurried when Lizzie goes to buy ?
4. Give a character-sketch of the two sisters.

5. The description of the goblins is fantastic and in parts amusing. Show that this is so.
6. In what way was Lizzie's action heroic ?
7. Why did the goblins stand
 *"Leering at each other
 Brother with queer brother"* ?
8. Why was it that after Laura tasted the fruits she saw the goblins no more, while Lizzie did ?
9. Notice the beautiful description of the sleeping sisters. You will find another such picture in *King Richard III.*, Act iv. Sc. iii. Copy it.
10. What punishment did Laura get even after her sister's heroism ?
11. Why did not even one goblin scurry after Lizzie as she ran homeward ?
12. One feels glad that the poem ends as it does. Why ?
13. Write an essay on
 *"One may lead a horse to water,
 Twenty cannot make him drink."*

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Give a list of the fruits mentioned here. Write a short note about each.
2. Laura whispered "*like the restless brook.*" Explain this Simile.
3. Find other Similes, and explain each.
4. What words are used in the poem to describe : *The grapes, melons, mulberries, peaches, cranberries* ?
5. What Adjectives would you use to describe : *Apples, lemons, figs, walnuts, strawberries, pears* ?

6. Explain as fully as you can what is meant by :
Goblins, a ratel, a wombat, a glow-worm.

7. Some of the rhymes are very ingenious, *e.g.* :

*"Nay, take a seat with us,
Honour and eat with us."*

Find other instances.

8. Analyse :

(a) *"Such fruits as these
No man can carry."*

(b) *"Some vanished in the glen without a sound."*

(c) *"For your sake I have braved the glen."*

(d) *"Tears once again
Refreshed her sunken eyes,
Dropping like rain
After long sultry drouth."*

A DISCIPLINARIAN

— W. W. JACOBS —

W. W. Jacobs, one of our foremost humorists, has written many stories dealing with sailors and seafaring life. Some of the most amusing are supposed to be told by an old sailor who has become night-watchman on a wharf in the London Docks. The story that follows is from *Sea-Urchins*.

"**T**HERE'S no doubt about it," said the night-watchman, "but what discipline's a very good thing, but it don't always act well. For instance, I ain't allowed to smoke on this wharf, so when I want a pipe I either 'ave to go over to the 'Queen's 'ed,' or sit in a lighter. If I'm in the 'Queen's 'ed' I can't look arter the wharf, an' once when I was sitting in a lighter smoking, the chap come aboard an' cast off afore I knew what he was doing, an' took me all the way to

Greenwich. He said he'd often played that trick on watchmen.

"The worst man for dissipline I ever shipped with was Cap'n Tasker, of the *Lapwing*. He'd got it on the brain bad. He was a prim, clean-shaved man except for a little side-whisker, an' always used to try an' look as much like a naval officer as possible.

"I never 'ad no sort of idea what he was like when I jined the ship, an' he was quite quiet and peaceable until we was out in the open water. Then the cloven hoof showed itself, an' he kicked one o' the men for coming on deck with a dirty face, an' though the man told him he never did wash becos his skin was so delikit, he sent the bos'en to turn the hose on him.

"The bos'en seemed to take a hand in everything. We used to do everything by his whistle, it was never out of his mouth scarcely, and I've known that man to dream of it o' nights, and sit up in his sleep an' try an' blow his thumb. He whistled us to swab decks, whistled us to grub, whistled us to every blessed thing.

"Though we didn't belong to any reg'ler line, we'd got a lot o' passengers aboard, going to the Cape, an' they thought a deal o' the skipper. There was one young lieutenant aboard who said he reminded him o' Nelson, an' him an' the skipper was as thick as two thieves. Nice larky young chap he was, an' more than one o' the crew tried to drop things on him from aloft when he wasn't looking.

"Every morning at ten we was inspected by the skipper, but that wasn't enough for the lieutenant, and he persuaded the old man to drill us. He said it would do us good an' amuse the passengers, an' we 'ad to do all sorts o' silly things with our arms an' legs, an' twice he walked the skipper to the other end of the ship, leaving twenty-three sailor-men bending over

touching their toes, an' wondering whether they'd ever stand straight again.

"The very worst thing o' the lot was the boat-drill. A chap might be sitting comfortable at his grub, or having a pipe in his bunk, when the bos'en's whistle would scream out to him that the ship was sinking, an' the passengers drownding, and he was to come an' git the boats out an' save 'em. Nice sort o' game it was too. We had to run like mad with kegs o' water an' bags o' biscuit, an' then run the boats out an' launch 'em. All the men were told off to certain boats, an' the passengers too. The only difference was, if a passenger didn't care about taking a hand in the game he didn't, but we had to.

"One o' the passengers who didn't play was Major Miggins. He was very much agin it, an' called it tomfoolery; he never would go to his boat, but used to sit and sneer all the time.

"'It's only teaching the men to cut an' run,' he said to the skipper one day. 'If there ever was any need they'd run to the boats an' leave us here. Don't tell me.'

"'That's not the way I should ha' expected to hear you speak of British sailors, major,' ses the skipper rather huffily.

"'British swearers,' ses the major, sniffing. 'You don't hear their remarks when that whistle is blown. It's enough to bring judgment on the ship.'

"'If you can point 'em out to me I'll punish 'em,' says the skipper, very warm.

"'I'm not going to point 'em out,' ses the major. 'I symperthise with 'em too much. They don't get any of their beauty sleep, pore chaps, an' they want it, every one of 'em.'

"I thought that was a very kind remark o' the major to make, but o' course some of the wimmin larfed. I



"An' wondering whether they'd ever stand straight again."

s'pose they think men don't want beauty sleep, as it's called.

"I heard the lieutenant symperthising with the skipper arter that. He said the major was simply jealous because the men drilled so beautifully, an' then they walked aft, the lieutenant talking very earnest an' the skipper shaking his head at something he was saying.

"It was just two nights arter this. I'd gone below an' turned in, when I began to dream that the major had borrowed the bos'en's whistle an' was practising on it. I remember thinking in my sleep what a comfort it was it was only the major, when one of the chaps give me a dig in the back an' woke me.

" 'Tumble up,' ses he, 'the ship's afire.'

"I rushed up on deck, an' there was no mistake about who was blowing the whistle. The bell was jangling horrible, smoke was rolling up from the hatches, an' some o' the men was dragging out the hose an' tripping up the passengers with it, as they came running up on deck. The noise and confusion was fearful.

" 'Out with the boats,' ses Tom Hall to me ; 'don't you hear the whistle ?'

" 'What, ain't we going to try an' put the fire out ?' I ses.

" 'Obey orders,' ses Tom, 'that's what we've got to do, an' the sooner we're away the better. You know what's in her.'

"We ran to the boats then, an', I must say, we got 'em out well, and the very fust person to git into mine was the major ; arter all the others was in we 'ad 'im out agin. He didn't belong to our boat, an' dissipline is dissipline any day.

"Afore we could git clear o' the ship, however, he came yelling to the side an' said *his* boat had gone, an' though we prodded him with our oars he lowered himself over the side and dropped in.

"Fortunately for us it was a lovely clear night; there was no moon, but the stars were very bright. The engines had stopped, an' the old ship sat on the water scarcely moving. Another boat was bumping up against ours, and two more came creeping round the bows from the port side an' joined us.

" 'Who's in command?' calls out the major.

" 'I am,' ses the first mate very sharp-like from one of the boats.

" 'Where's the cap'n, then?' called out an old lady from my boat o' the name o' Prendergast.

" 'He's standing by the ship,' ses the mate.

" 'Doing *what*?' ses Mrs. Prendergast, looking at the water as though she expected to see the skipper standing there.

" 'He's going down with the ship,' ses one o' the chaps.

" Then Mrs. Prendergast asked somebody to be kind enough to lend her a handkerchief, becos she had left her pocket behind aboard ship, and began to sob very bitter.

" 'Just a simple British sailor,' ses she, snivelling, 'going down with his ship. There he is. Look! On the bridge.'

" We all looked, an' then some o' the other wimmin wanted to borrer handkerchiefs. I lent one o' them a little cotton waste, but she was so unpleasant about its being a trifle oily that she forgot all about crying, and said she'd tell the mate about me as soon as ever we got ashore.

" 'I'll remember him in my prayers,' ses one o' the wimmin who was crying comfortable in a big red bandana belonging to one o' the men.

" 'All England shall ring with his deed,' ses another.

" 'Sympathy's cheap,' ses one of the men passengers solemnly. 'If we ever reach land we must all band together to keep his widow an' orphans.'

“ ‘Hear, hear,’ cries everybody.

“ ‘And we’ll put up a granite tombstone to his memory,’ ses Mrs. Prendergast.

“ ‘S’pose we pull back to the ship an’ take him off,’ ses a gentleman from another boat. ‘I’m thinking it ’ud come cheaper, an’ perhaps the puir mon would really like it better himself.’

“ ‘Shame,’ ses most of ’em ; an’ I reely b’leeve they’d worked theirselves up to that pitch they’d ha’ felt disappointed if the skipper had been saved.

“ We pulled along slowly, the mate’s boat leading, looking back every now and then at the old ship, and wondering when she would go off, for she’d got that sort o’ stuff in her hold which ’ud send her up with a bang as soon as the fire got to it ; an’ we was all waiting for the shock.

“ ‘Do you know where we’re going, Mr. Bunce ? ’ calls out the major.

“ ‘Yes,’ ses the mate.

“ ‘What’s the nearest land ? ’ asks the major.

“ ‘ ’Bout a thousand miles,’ ses the mate.

“ Then the major went into figgers, an’ worked out that it ’ud take us about ten days to reach land and three to reach the bottom o’ the water kegs. He shouted that out to the mate ; an’ the young lieutenant what was in the mate’s boat smoking a big cigar said there’d be quite a run on granite tombstones. He said it was a blessed thing he had disinherited his children for marrying agin his wishes, so there wouldn’t be any orphans left to mourn for him.

“ Some o’ the wimmin smiled a little at this, an’ old Mrs. Prendergast shook so that she made the boat rock. We got quite cheerful somehow, and one of the other men spoke up and said that owing to his only having reckoned two pints to the gallon, the major’s figgers wasn’t to be relied upon.

"We got more cheerful then, and we was beginning to look on it as just a picnic, when I'm blest if the mate's boat didn't put about and head for the ship agin.

"There was commotion then if you like, everybody talking and laughing at once ; and Mrs. Prendergast said that such a thing as one single-handed cap'n staying behind to go down with his ship, and then putting the fire out all by himself after his men had fled, had never been heard of before, an' she believed it never would be again. She said he must be terribly burnt, and he'd have to be put to bed and wrapped in oily rags.

"It didn't take us long to get aboard agin, and the ladies fairly mobbed the skipper. Tom Hall swore as 'ow Mrs. Prendergast tried to kiss him, an' the fuss they made of him was ridiculous. I heard the clang of the telegraph in the engine-room soon as the boats was hoisted up, the engines started, and off we went again.

" 'Speech,' yells out somebody. 'Speech.'

" 'Bravo !' ses the others. 'Bravo !'

"Then the skipper stood up an' made 'em a nice little speech. First of all he thanked 'em for their partiality and kindness shown to him, and the orderly way in which they had left the ship. He said it reflected credit on all concerned, crew and passengers, an' no doubt they'd be surprised when he told them that there hadn't been any fire at all, but that it was just a test to make sure that the boat drill was properly understood.

"He was quite right about them being surprised. Moisy, too, they was, an' the things they said about the man they'd just been wanting to give granite tombstones to was simply astonishing. It would have taken a whole cemetery o' tombstones to put down all they said about him, and they'd ha' had to cut the letters small.

" 'I vote we have an indignation meeting in the

saloon to record our disgust at the cap'n's behaviour,' ses the major fiercely. 'I beg to propose that Mr. Macpherson take the chair.'

" 'I second that,' ses another, fierce-like.

" 'I beg to propose the major instead,' ses somebody else in a heasy off-hand sort o' way, 'Mr. Macpherson's boat not having come back yet.'

" At first everybody thought he was joking, but when they found he was really speaking the truth the excitement was awful. Fortunately, as Mrs. Prendergast remarked, there was no ladies in the boat, but there was several men passengers. We were doing a good thirteen knots an hour, but we brought up at once, an' then we 'ad the most lovely firework display I ever see aboard ship in my life. Blue lights and rockets and guns going all night, while we cruised slowly about, and the passengers sat on deck arguing as to whether the skipper would be hung or only imprisoned for life.

" It was daybreak afore we sighted them, just a little speck near the sky-line, an' we bore down on them for all we was worth. Half an hour later they was alongside, an' of all the chilly, miserable-looking men I ever see they was the worst.

" They had to be helped up the side a'most, and they was so grateful it was quite affecting, until the true state o' things was explained to them. It seemed to change 'em wonderful, an' after Mr. Macpherson had had three cups o' hot coffee an' four glasses o' brandy he took the chair at the indignation meeting, an' went straight off to sleep in it. They woke him up three times, but he was so cross about it that the ladies had to go away, an' the meeting was adjourned.

" I don't think it ever came to much after all, nobody being really hurt, an' the skipper being so much upset they felt sort o' sorry for 'im.

" The rest of the passage was very quiet an' com

fortable, but o' course it all came out at the other end, an' the mate brought the ship home. Some o' the chaps said the skipper was a bit wrong in the 'ed, and, while I'm not gainsaying that, it's my firm opinion that he was persuaded to do what he did by that young lieutenant. As I said afore, he was a larky young chap, an very fond of a joke if he didn't have to pay for it."

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. W. W. Jacobs is one of the most notable English humorists. Name any other humorist of whose work you have read something.
2. Mr. Jacobs has been particularly successful in picturing life on barges and schooners. Some of his characters (*e.g.*, Ginger Dick, Sam Small, Peter Russett, Bob Pretty, and the night-watchman) have become well-known figures in English fiction.
3. Who is supposed to tell the story given here?
4. What effect will this have upon the style?
5. There are various forms of humour. Here we need speak only of humour in *incident*, humour in *speech*, and humour in *character*. Jacob's work contains all these. Select any humorous character in this story.
6. Make a list of distinctly humorous incidents in the tale.
7. What phrases or speeches have great humour?
8. Write a conversation which you imagine to have taken place between the captain and the owners.
9. A remarkable feature of Jacobs' writing is that he never says too much. A single phrase may contain as much as many writers would put in a paragraph. For

example, "*I s'pose they think men don't want beauty sleep, as it's called.*" Here, as in a flash, the author reveals to us how completely unable the night-watchman was to understand what the major meant, though doubtless he had often pondered over it.

Select other examples.

10. Try to write a humorous story entitled "*The Captain and the Dog.*"

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write in correct English the first paragraph of the night-watchman's story.

2. Explain the following :

"*Then the cloven hoof showed itself.*"

"*More than one of the crew tried to drop things on him.*"

"*The young lieutenant . . . said there'd be quite a run on granite tombstones.*"

"*He was quite right about them being surprised.*"

"*The mate brought the ship home.*"

3. Of course certain of the statements are exaggerations. Why should we expect this ?

4. Give all the examples you can find.

5. "*Him and the skipper was as thick as two thieves.*" Notice the Simile here. Why is it just such a Simile as we should expect ?

6. Quote other Similes of this nature.

7. What is there particularly humorous in the following :

"*The very first person to get into mine was the major.*"

"*Dissipline is dissipline any day.*"

"*Perhaps the puir mon would really like it better.*"

"*He said it was a blessed thing he had disinherited his children.*"

"*The things they said about the man they'd just been wanting to give granite tombstones to was simply astonishing.*"

NEW FORMOSA

— RICHARD JEFFERIES —

Richard Jefferies (1848-1887), one of the greatest of English field-naturalists, wrote two delightful books for children. In *Wood Magic*, he gives a charming account of the adventures of a little boy, Bevis, to whom all the birds and animals told their stories and secrets. In *Bevis* we have again the same boy, but older now, being about fourteen years of age. There are no fanciful tales of birds or beasts, but a wonderfully interesting account of the games and activities of Bevis and his comrade Mark—how they learnt to make a raft, to swim, to sail a boat, to shoot—and, most wonderful of all—to make their gun. Bevis lived at a farm, and near it was a large lake on which were two islands. Bevis and Mark called these Serendib and New Formosa, pictured themselves as explorers voyaging across unknown seas, and decided finally to spend some time alone on "New Formosa." So it was arranged that Bevis should visit Mark at his house; but instead of doing this they took up their abode on the "unknown island." Pan was the spaniel, of which Bevis was very fond.

THE morning of the 3rd of August—the very day Columbus sailed—the long desired day, was beautifully fine, calm, and cloudless. They were in such haste to start they could hardly say "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Polly the dairymaid.

"Don't want to see you," said Bevis. Polly was not yet forgiven for the part she had taken in hustling Mark into the cellar. They had got out into the meadow with Pan, when Bevis's mother came running after.

"Have you any money?" she asked, with her purse in her hand.

They laughed, for the thought instantly struck them that they could not spend money on New Formosa, but they did not say they did not want any.

She gave them five shillings each, and kissed them again. She watched them till they went through the gateway with Pan, and were hidden from sight.

Pan leaped on board after them, and they rowed to the island. It was so still, the surface was like glass. The spaniel ran about inside the stockade, and sniffed knowingly at the coats on the bedstead, but he did not wag his tail or look so happy when Bevis suddenly drew his collar three holes tighter and buckled it. Bevis knew very well if his collar was not as tight as possible Pan would work his head out. They fastened him securely to the post at the gateway in the palisade, and hastened away.

When Pan realised that they were really gone, and heard the sound of the oars, he went quite frantic. He tugged, he whined, he choked, he rolled over, he scratched, and bit, and shook, and whimpered; the tears ran down his eyes, his ears were pulled over his head by the collar, against which he strained. But he strained in vain. They heard his dismal howls almost down to the Mozambique.

"Poor Pan!" said Bevis. "He shall have a feast the first thing we shoot."

They had left their stockings on the island, and everything else they could take off, so as not to have very large bundles on their backs while paddling, and took their pocket-knives out of their trousers' pockets and left them, knowing things are apt to drop out of the pockets. The Pinta was drawn up as far as she would come on the shore at the harbour, and then fastened with a chain, which they had ready, to a staple and padlocked. Mark had thought of this, so that no one could go rowing round, and he had a piece of string on the key with which he fastened it to the button-hole of his waistcoat so that it might not be lost.

This done, they got through the hedge, and retraced

the way they had come home on the night of the battle, through the meadows, the cornfields, and, lastly, across the wild waste pasture or common. From there they scrambled through the hedges and the immense bramble thickets, and regained the shore opposite their island.

They went down the marshy level to the bank, and along it to the beds of sedges, where, on the verge of the sea, they had hidden the catamarans. There they undressed, and made their clothes and boots into bundles, and slung them over their shoulders with cord. Then they hauled their catamarans down to the water.

Splash !

"Is it deep ? "

"Not yet."

Bevis had got his catamaran in and ran out with it some way, as the water was shallow, till it deepened, when he sat astride and paddled.

"Come on," he shouted.

Splash !

"I'm coming."

Mark ran in with his in the same manner, and, sitting astride, paddled about ten yards behind.

"Weeds," said Bevis, feeling the long rough stalks like string dragging against his feet.

"Where ? I can't see."

"Under water. They will not hurt."

"There goes a flapper" (a young wild duck). "I hope we shan't see the magic wave."

"Pooh ! "

"My bundle is slipping."

"Pull it up again."

"It's all right now."

"Holloa ! Land," said Bevis, suddenly standing up.

He had reached a shallow where the water was no deeper than his knees.

A jack struck. "There," said Mark, as he too stood up, and drew his catamaran along with his hand.

Splash !

Bevis was off again, paddling in deeper water. Mark was now close behind.

"There's a coot ; he's gone into the sedges."

"Parrots," said Mark, as two wood-pigeons passed over.

"Which is the right channel ?" said Bevis, pausing.

They had now reached the great mass of weeds which came to the surface, and through which it was impossible to move. There were two channels, one appeared to lead straight to the island, the other wound about to the right.

"Which did we come down in the Pinta, when we hid the catamarans ?" said Mark.

"Stupe, that's just what I want to know."

"Go straight on," said Mark ; "that looks clearest."

So it did, and Bevis went straight on ; but when they had paddled fifty yards they both saw at once that they could not go much farther that way, for the channel curved sharply, and was blocked with weeds.

"We must go back," said Mark.

"We can't turn round."

"We can't paddle backwards. There, I'm in the weeds."

"Turn round on the plank."

"Perhaps I shall fall off."

"Sit sideways first."

"The plank tips."

"Very well, I'll do it first," said Bevis.

He turned sideways to try and get astride, looking the other way. The plank immediately tipped and pitched him into the water, bundle and all.

"Ah !" said Mark. "Thought you could do it so easy, didn't you ?"

Bevis threw his right arm over the plank, and tried to get on it; but every time he attempted to lift his knee over, the catamaran gave way under him. His paddle floated away. The bundle of clothes on his back, soaked and heavy, kept him down.

Mark paddled towards him, and tried to lift him with one hand, but nearly upset himself. Bevis struggled hard to get on, and so pushed the plank sideways to the edge of the weeds. He felt the rough strings again winding round his feet.

"You'll be in the weeds," said Mark, growing alarmed. "Come on my plank. Try. I'll throw my bundle off." He began to take it from his back. "Then it will just keep you up. Oh!"

Bevis put his hands up, and immediately sank under the surface, but he had done it purposely, to free himself from his bundle. The bundle floated, and the cord slipped over his head. Bringing his hands down, Bevis as instantly rose to the surface, bumping his head against the catamaran.

"Now I can do it," he said, blowing the water from his nostrils.

He seized the plank, and laid almost all along in the water, so as to press very lightly on it, his weight being supported by the water, then he got his knee over and sat up.

"Hurrah!"

The bundle was slowly settling down when Mark seized it.

"Never mind about the things being wet," he said. "Sit still; I'll fetch your paddle."

Dragging the bundle in the water by the cord, Mark went after, and recovered Bevis's paddle. To come back he had to backwater, and found it very awkward even for so short a distance. The catamaran would not go straight.

"Oh! what a stupe I was," said Bevis. "I've got on the same way again."

In his hurry he had forgotten his object, and got astride facing the island as before.

"Well, I never," said Mark. "Stop—don't."

Bevis slipped off his catamaran again, but this time, not being encumbered with the bundle, he was up on it again in half a minute, and faced the mainland.

"There," said he. "Now you can come close. That's it. Now give me your bundle."

Mark did so. Afterwards Bevis took the cord of his own bundle, which being in the water was not at all heavy. "Now you can turn."

Mark slipped off, but managed so that his chest was still on the plank. In that position he worked himself round and got astride the other way.

"Done very well," said Bevis; "ever so much better than I did. Here."

Mark slung his bundle, and they paddled back to the shallow water, Bevis towing his soaked dress. They stood up in the shallow and rested a few minutes, and Bevis fastened his bundle to his plank just in front of where he sat.

"Come on." Off he went again, following the other channel this time. It wound round a bank grown with sedges, and then led straight into a broader and open channel, the same they had come down in the boat. They recognised it directly, and paddled faster.

"Hark! there's Pan," said Mark.

As they came near the island, Pan either scented them or heard a splashing, for he set up his bark again. He had choked himself silent before.

"Pan! Pan!" shouted Bevis, whistling.

Yow—wow—wow!

"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

They ran up on the shore of New Formosa, and began to dance and caper, kicking up their heels.

Yow-wow—wow-wow!

"Pan! I'm coming," said Bevis, and began to run, but stopped suddenly.

Thistles in the grass and trailing briars stayed him. He put on his wet boots, and then picking his way round, reached the hut. He let Pan loose. The spaniel crouched at his feet and whimpered, and followed him, crawling on the ground. Bevis patted him, but he could not leap up as usual, the desertion had quite broken his spirit for the time. Bevis went into the hut, and just as he was, with nothing on but his boots, took his journal and wrote down "Wednesday."

"There," said he to Mark, who had now come, more slowly, for he carried the two bundles, "there, I've put down the day, else we shall lose our reckoning, don't you see."

They were soon dressed. Bevis put on the change he had provided in the storeroom, and spread his wet clothes out to dry in the sun. Pan crept from one to the other; he could not get enough patting, he wanted to be continually spoken to and stroked.

He would not go a yard from them.

"What's the time?" said Bevis, "my watch has stopped." The water had stopped it.

"Five minutes to twelve," said Mark. "You must write down, 'We landed on the island at noon.'"

"So I will to-night. My watch won't go; the water is in it."

"Lucky mine did not get wet too."

"Hang yours up in the hut, else perhaps it will get stopped somehow, then we shan't know the time."

Mark hung his watch up in the hut, and caught sight of the wooden bottle.

"The first thing people do is to refresh themselves," he said. "Let's have a glass of ale: splendid thing when you're shipwrecked——"

"A libation to the gods," said Bevis. "That's the thing; you pour it out on the ground because you've escaped."

"Oh!" said Mark, opening the bottle. "Now, just look! And I filled it to the brim, so that I could hardly get the cork in."

"John," said Bevis.

"The rascal."

"Ships' provisions are always scamped," said Bevis; "somebody steals half, and puts in rotten biscuits. It's quite proper. Why, there's a quart gone."

John Young, carrying the heavy bottle, could not resist just taking out the cork to see how full it was. And his mouth was very large.

"Here's a mug," said Mark, who had turned over a heap of things and found a tin cup. They each had a cupful.

"Matchlock," said Bevis.

"Matchlock," said Mark. For while they drank both had had their eyes on the gun-barrel.

"Pliers," said Bevis, taking it up. "Here's the wire; I want the pliers."

It was not so easy to find the pliers under such a heap of things.

"Storeroom's in a muddle," said Mark.

"Put it right," said the captain.

"I've got it."

Bevis put the barrel in the stock, and began twisting the copper wire round to fasten it on. Mark searched for the powder-horn and shot-bag. Three strands were twisted neatly and firmly round the barrel and stock—one near the breech, one half-way up, the third near the muzzle. It was then secure.

"It looks like a real gun now," said Mark.

"Put your finger on the touch-hole," said Bevis. Mark did so, while he blew through the barrel.

"I can feel the air," said Mark; "the barrel is clear. Shall I measure the powder?"

"Yes."

Bevis shut the pan, Mark poured out the charge from the horn and inserted a wad of paper, which Bevis rammed home with the brass ramrod.

Bow-wow—bow-yow!

Up jumped Pan, leaped on them, tore round the hut, stood at the doorway and barked, ran a little way out, and came back again to the door, where, with his head over his shoulder, as if beckoning to them to follow, he barked his loudest.

"It's the gun," said Mark. Pan forgot his trouble at the sound of the ramrod.

Next the shot was put in, and then the priming at the pan. A piece of match or cord prepared to burn slowly, about a foot and a half long, was wound round the handle of the stock, and the end brought forward through the spiral of the hammer. Mark struck a match and lit it.

"What shall we shoot at?" said Bevis, as they went out at the door. Pan rushed before and disappeared in the bramble bushes, startling a pair of turtle-doves from a hawthorn.

"Parrakeets," said Mark. "They're smaller than parrots; you can't shoot flying with a matchlock. There's a beech; shoot at that."

The sunshine fell on one side of the trunk of a beech, lighting up the smooth bark. They walked up till they thought they were near enough, and planted the staff or rest in the ground. Bevis put the matchlock on it, pushed the lid of the pan open with his thumb, and aimed at the tree. He pulled the trigger; the

match descended on the powder in the pan, which went puff ! The report followed directly.

"Never kicked a bit," said Bevis, as the sulphury smoke rose ; the barrel was too heavy to kick.

"Hit !" shouted Mark, who had run to the tree. "Forty dozen shots everywhere."

Bevis came with the gun, and saw the bark dotted all over with shot. He measured the distance back to the rest, left standing in the ground, by pacing steadily.

"Thirty-two yards."

"My turn," said Mark.

The explosion had extinguished the match, so shutting the pan-lid, they loaded the gun again. Before Mark shot, Bevis went to the tree, and fastened a small piece of paper to the bark with a pin. Mark fired and put three shots through the paper. Pan raced and circled round to find the game, and returned with his back covered with cleavers which stuck to his coat. After shooting three times, each thought they would try bullets, but with ball they could do nothing. Four times they each fired at the beech and missed it, though every time they took a more careful aim.

"The staff's too high," said Mark, "I'm sure that's it. We ought to kneel, then it would be steadier."

Bevis cut the staff shorter, not without some difficulty, for the old black oak was hard, like iron. The next was Mark's turn. He knelt on one knee, aimed deliberately, and the ball scored the trunk, making a groove along the bark. Bevis tried but missed, so did Mark next time ; then again Bevis fired, and missed.

"That's enough," said Bevis ; "I shan't have any more shooting with bullets."

"But I hit it once."

"But you didn't hit it twice."

"You never hit it once."

"It wants a top-sight," said Bevis, not very well pleased. "Nobody can shoot ball without a sight."

"You can't put one," said Mark.

"I don't know." The sight was the only defect of the weapon; how to fasten that on they did not know.

"I hit it without a sight," said Mark.

"Chance."

"That it wasn't."

"It's time to have dinner, I'm sure," said Bevis.

"The gun is to be put away now. I'll take it in; you get some sticks for the fire."

"Oh! very well," said Mark shortly. "But there's plenty of sticks inside the stockade."

He followed Bevis and began to make a pile in their enclosed courtyard. Bevis, having left the gun in the hut, came out and helped him silently.

"It's very hot here."

"Awful!"

"Tropics."

"The sun's overhead."

"Sunstroke."

"The fire ought to be made in the shadow."

"There's no shadow here."

"Let us go into the wood then."

"Very well—under the beech."

They went out, and collected a heap of sticks in the shade of the beech at which they had been shooting. Mark lit the fire; Bevis sat down by the beech and watched the flame rise.

"Pot," he said.

"Pot—what?" said Mark, still sulky.

"Fetch the water."

"What?"

"Fetch the water."

"Oh! I'm not Polly."

"But I'm captain."

"Hum !"

However, Mark fetched the pot, filled it at the shore, and presently came back with it, and put it on. Then he sat down too in the shade.

"You've not finished," said Bevis.

"What else ?"

"What else ? Why, the bacon."

"Get it yourself."

"Aren't you going ?"

"No."

Bevis went to the hut, cut off a slice of bacon, and put it on.

Mark went to the hut, fetched a handful of biscuits and two apples, and began to eat them.

"You never brought me any," said Bevis.

"You never ordered me, captain."

"Why can't you be agreeable ?"

"Why can't you ask anybody, and do something yourself, too ?"

"Don't be a stupe," said Bevis, "so I will. But get me a biscuit, now do." At this Mark fetched the bag for him.

"We shall have to wait a long time for our dinner," he said. "They're just having a jolly one at home."

"While they're at home and comfortable we're on an island seven thousand miles from anywhere."

"Savages all round."

"Magic things."

"If they only knew, wouldn't they be in a state."

"Ships fitted out to find us. But they would not know which way to sail."

"No charts."

"Nothing."

"Never find us. I say, get a fork and try the bacon."

"Don't look done."

"Put some more sticks on. I say ; we forgot the potatoes."

"Oh ! bother. It's hot ; don't let's have any. Let's sit still."

"Right."

Pan looked from one to the other, ran round and came back, went into the underwood and came out again, but finding that it was of no use, and that the gun was really put aside, he presently settled down like them in the shade, and far enough from the fire not to feel any heat from it.

"Oaks are banyans, aren't they ?" said Mark.
"They used to be, you know," remembering the exploration of the wood.

"Banyans," said Bevis.

"What are beeches ?"

"Oh ! teak."

"That's China ; aren't we far from China ?"

"Ask me presently when I've got the astrolabe."

"What are elms ? Stop, now I remember ; there are no elms !"

"How do you know ?"

"Didn't I go round the island one day ? Besides, you could see them if there were, from the cliff."

"So we could ; there are no elms. That shows how different this country is from any other country ever found."

"Poplars ?" said Mark in an interrogative tone.

"Palms, of course. You can see them miles away like palms in a desert."

"Pictures," said Mark. "Yes, that's it. You always see the sun going down, camels with long shadows, and palm-trees. Then I suppose it's Africa ?"

"You must wait till we have taken an observation. We shall see too by the stars."

"Firs ?" said Mark. "They're cedars, of course."

"Of course. Willows are blue gums."

"Then it's near Australia. I expect it is ; because, don't you know, there were no animals in Australia except kangaroos, and there are none here at all. So it's that sort of country."

"But there are tigers in the reeds."

"Ah, I forgot them."

"Huge boa-constrictors. One of them would reach from here to Serendib. Did you hear that rustling ? Most likely that was one."

"Do elephants swim ? They might come off here."

"Hippopotami."

"A black rhinoceros : they're rogues."

"Hyenas."

"Giraffes. They can nibble half-way up the palm-trees."

"Pumas."

"Panthers."

"'Possums."

"Yaks."

"Grizzlies."

"Scorpions."

"Heaps of things on your bed and crawling on the ceiling."

"Jolly !"

"Fork up the bacon."

Mark forked it up.

"It looks queer," he said, dropping it in again.

"Ought the pot to be on the ashes ?"

"There's an iron rod for the kettle to swing on," said Bevis. "It's somewhere in the storeroom. Is it eight bells yet ?"

"I expect so," said Mark. "Rations are late. A mutton chop now, or a fowl——"

"Don't grow here," said Bevis. "You cut steaks

from buffaloes while they're alive, or fry elephants, or boil turkeys. There are no fowls."

"It seems to me," said Mark, "that we ought to have the gun here. Suppose some savages were to land from canoes and get between us and the hut? It's twenty yards to the stockade; more, I should think."

"I never thought of that," said Bevis. "There may be fifty canoes full of them in the reeds, and proas flying here almost. Fetch the gun—quick."

Mark ran and brought it.

"Load with ball," said Bevis.

The ball was rammed home. Pan set up a joyous bark.

"Kick him," said Bevis, languidly raising himself on one arm. He had been lying on his back. "He'll bring the savages, or the crocodiles."

Pan was kicked, and crouched.

Mark leaned the gun against the teak-tree, and sat down again.

"Awfully hot," he said.

"Always is in the tropics."

"Ought to have an awning," said Mark; "and hammocks."

"So we did," said Bevis, sitting up. "How stupid to forget the hammocks. Did you ever see anything like it?"

"We can make an awning," said Mark. "Hang up one of the rugs by the four corners."

"Capital. Come on."

They fastened four pieces of cord to the corners of the rug, but found that the trees did not grow close enough together, so they had to set up two poles near the teak, and tie the cords at one end of the rug to these. The others were tied to a branch of the teak. By the time this was done they had worked themselves

hot again putting up the awning to get cool. There was not a breath of wind, and it was very warm even in the double shadow of the teak and the awning.

"Bacon must be done," said Bevis.

"Must," said Mark.

They could not rest more than a quarter of an hour. They forked it out, and Mark held it on the fork, while Bevis ran to the hut for a piece of board to put it on, as they had forgotten dishes. Setting the bacon on the board, they put it on the ground under the awning (Pan wanted to sniff at it), and tried a slice. It was not exactly nice, nor disagreeable, considering that they had forgotten to scrape it, or take the rind off. But biscuits were not so good as bread.

"We must make some dampers," said Mark; "you know, flour cakes: we can't bake, we haven't got an oven."

"Dampers are proper," said Bevis. "That's gold-mining. Very likely there are heaps of nuggets here somewhere——"

"Placers."

"And gold-dust in the river."

"No mustard. And I recollected the salt!" said Mark. "I say; is this bacon quite nice?"

"Well, no; not quite."

"I don't like it."

"No, I don't."

"Wish we could have brought some meat."

"Can't keep meat under the tropics."

"Shall we chuck it to Pan?"

"No, not all. Here, give him a slice. Pooh! He sniffs at it. Just see! He's pampered; he won't eat it. Here, take the board, Mark, and put it in the storeroom."

Mark took the board with the bacon on it, and went to the hut. He came back with a mug full of ale,

saying they had better drink it before it got quite stale.

"We must shoot something," said Bevis. "We can't eat much of that stuff."

"Let's go round the island," said Mark, "and see if there's anything about. Parrots, perhaps."

"Pigeon-pie," said Bevis.

"Parrot-pie; just the thing."

"Hammer Pan, or he'll run on first and spoil everything."

They spent many days on the island, and were greatly puzzled by the disappearance of some provisions, including the bacon. They decided it must be a tiger that robbed them, and spent much time in trying to track it. Finally they captured the terrible visitor—a gipsy girl, who stole the food for her little brother.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. *Bevis* is certainly one of the best boys' books ever written. Read it all if you can obtain a copy. You will be specially interested in the battle, the building of the raft, and the making of the gun. All this leads up to the boys' adventures on New Formosa.
2. The writing is very simple, direct, and straightforward. At what effect do you think Richard Jefferies was aiming?
3. Why did not Bevis refuse to take the money, since he could not spend it on the island?
4. Why did the date on which they started seem so suitable?
5. Describe their experiences with the catamarans.
6. Why was Mark alarmed when Bevis was in the reeds?

7. Bevis was rather inclined to be jealous and overbearing. What shows this ?
8. Give a character-sketch of Mark.
9. What were the "*palms*," "*parrots*," and "*kan-garoos*" they discovered ?
10. The island, as they fitted it out with birds, plants, and animals, was quite impossible. Show why.
11. Suppose they had decided that their island was in the Arctic regions. Give an account of their conversation.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Why does this extract contain so few difficult words ?

2. Punctuate :

"Oaks are banyans arent they said mark they used to be you know remembering the exploration of the wood banyans said bevis what are beeches oh teak thats china arent we far from china ask me presently when Ive got the astrolabe."

3. Rewrite the following in complete sentences :

"Do elephants swim? They might come off here."

"Hippopotami."

"A black rhinoceros : they're rogues."

"Hyenas."

"Giraffes. They can nibble half-way up the palm trees."

"Pumas."

"Panthers."

"Possums."

"Yaks."

"Grizzlies."

"Scorpions."

"Heaps of things on your bed and crawling on the ceiling."

"Jolly !"

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4. Why did Jefferies write all this in incomplete sentences ?

5. Richard Jefferies was not a particularly correct writer. Can you amend the following sentences ?

"They rowed to the island. It was so still, the surface was like glass."

"He shall have a feast the first thing we shoot."

"If his collar was not as tight as possible Pan would work his head out."

"He seized the plank and laid almost all along in the water."

6. What is a jack, a coot, a turtle-dove, an astrolabe, a damper ?

7. What is a catamaran ? How is it made ?

THE GREATNESS OF A SISTER'S LOVE

— GEORGE ELIOT —

George Eliot was the pen-name of Marian Evans, one of England's greatest novelists. Probably her best book is *The Mill on the Floss*, from which these extracts are taken. In Dorlcote Mill, on the banks of the Floss, lived Farmer Tulliver, his wife, and his two children, Tom and Maggie. Tom was a steady, determined, upright, but rather unsympathetic lad ; Maggie was a quick, passionate, wilful, affectionate child, who loved her brother with a great and enduring love.

I. BOY AND GIRL

Tom has just returned home from school, and Maggie has remembered with dismay that the rabbits he charged her to care for are dead.

"**M**AGGIE," said Tom confidentially, taking her into a corner, as soon as his mother was gone out to examine his box, and the warm parlour had taken off the chill he had felt from the long drive, "you don't know what I've got in *my* pockets," nodding his

head up and down as a means of rousing her sense of mystery.

"No," said Maggie. "How stodgy they look, Tom! Is it marls (marbles) or cobnuts?" Maggie's heart sank a little, because Tom always said it was "no good" playing with *her* at those games—she played so badly.

"Marls! no; I've swopped all my marls with the little fellows; and cobnuts are no fun, you silly—only when the nuts are green. But see here!" He drew something half out of his right-hand pocket.

"What is it?" said Maggie in a whisper. "I can see nothing but a bit of yellow."

"Why, it's—a—new—— Guess, Maggie!"

"Oh, I *can't* guess, Tom," said Maggie impatiently.

"Don't be a spitfire, else I won't tell you," said Tom, thrusting his hand back into his pocket, and looking determined.

"No, Tom," said Maggie imploringly, laying hold of the arm that was held stiffly in the pocket. "I'm not cross, Tom; it was only because I can't bear guessing. *Please* be good to me."

Tom's arm slowly relaxed, and he said, "Well, then, it's a new fish-line—two new uns—one for you, Maggie, all to yourself. And here's hooks; see here! I say, *won't* we go and fish to-morrow down by Round Pool? And you shall catch your own fish, Maggie, and put the worms on, and everything. Won't it be fun?"

Maggie's answer was to throw her arms round Tom's neck and hug him, and hold her cheek against his without speaking, while he slowly unwound some of the line, saying, after a pause:

"Wasn't I a good brother, now, to buy you a line all to yourself? You know, I needn't have bought it, if I hadn't liked."

"Yes, very, very good. I *do* love you, Tom."

Tom had put the line back in his pocket, and was looking at the hooks one by one, before he spoke again.

"I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger. For Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things ; it was quite a different anger from her own.

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits ?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse upstairs. I'll ask mother to give it you."

"What for ?" said Tom. "I don't want *your* money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas boxes, because I shall be a man ; and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but Tom, if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know, and buy some more rabbits with it."

"More rabbits ? I don't want any more."

"Oh, but Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot ?" he said, his colour heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-

morrow. I told you to go and see the rabbits every day." He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot ; and I couldn't help it, indeed Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom severely, "and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you."

"Oh, Tom, it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. "I'd forgive you, if *you* forgot anything—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you."

"Yes, you're a silly ; but I never *do* forget things—I don't."

"Oh, please forgive me, Tom ; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone, "Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you ?"

"Ye—ye—es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

"Didn't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't ?"

"Ye—ye—es—and I—lo—lo—love you so, Tom."

"But you're a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing."

"But I didn't mean," said Maggie ; "I couldn't help it."

"Yes, you could," said Tom, "if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow."

With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry.

Maggie stood motionless, except from her sobs, for a minute or two; then she turned round and ran into the house, and up to her attic, where she sat on the floor, and laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf, with a crushing sense of misery. Tom was come home, and she had thought how happy she should be; and now he was cruel to her. What use was anything, if Tom didn't love her? Oh, he was very cruel! Hadn't she wanted to give him the money, and said how very sorry she was? She knew she was naughty to her mother, but she had never been naughty to Tom—had never *meant* to be naughty to him.

Maggie soon thought she had been hours in the attic, and it must be tea-time, and they were all having their tea, and not thinking of her. Well, then, she would stay up there and starve herself—hide herself behind the tub, and stay there all night; and then they would all be frightened, and Tom would be sorry. Thus Maggie thought in the pride of her heart, as she crept behind the tub; but presently she began to cry again at the idea that they didn't mind her being there. If she went down again to Tom now, would he forgive her? Perhaps her father would be there, and he would take her part. But, then, she wanted Tom to forgive her because he loved her, not because his father told him. No, she would never go down if Tom didn't come to fetch her. This resolution lasted in great intensity for five dark minutes behind the tub; but then the need of being loved—the strongest need in poor Maggie's nature—began to wrestle with her pride, and soon threw it. She crept from behind her tub into the twilight of the long attic, but just then she heard a quick footstep on the stairs.

Tom had been too much interested in his talk with Luke, in going the round of the premises, walking in and out where he pleased, and whittling sticks without any particular reason, except that he didn't whittle sticks at school, to think of Maggie and the effect his anger had produced on her. He meant to punish her, and that business having been performed, he occupied himself with other matters, like a practical person. But when he had been called in to tea, his father said, "Why, where's the little wench?" and Mrs. Tulliver, almost at the same moment, said, "Where's your little sister?"—both of them having supposed that Maggie and Tom had been together all the afternoon.

"I don't know," said Tom. He didn't want to "tell" of Maggie, though he was angry with her; for Tom Tulliver was a lad of honour.

"What! hasn't she been playing with you all this while?" said the father. "She'd been thinking o' nothing but your coming home."

"I haven't seen her this two hours," says Tom, commencing on the plumcake.

"Goodness heart! she's got drowned," exclaimed Mrs. Tulliver, rising from her seat and running to the window. "How could you let her do so?" she added, as became a fearful woman, accusing she didn't know whom of she didn't know what.

"Nay, nay, she's none drowned," said Mr. Tulliver. "You've been naughty to her, I doubt, Tom?"

"I'm sure I haven't, father," said Tom indignantly.

"I think she's in the house."

"Perhaps up in that attic," said Mrs. Tulliver, "a-singing and talking to herself, and forgetting all about meal-times."

"You go and fetch her down, Tom," said Mr. Tulliver, rather sharply, his perspicacity or his fatherly fondness for Maggie making him suspect that the lad

had been hard upon "the little un," else she would never have left his side. "And be good to her, do you hear! Else I'll let you know better."

Tom never disobeyed his father, for Mr. Tulliver was a peremptory man; but he went out rather sullenly, carrying his piece of plumcake, and not intending to reprieve Maggie's punishment, which was no more than she deserved. Tom was only thirteen, and had no decided views in grammar and arithmetic, regarding them for the most part as open questions; but he was particularly clear and positive on one point—namely, that he would punish everybody who deserved it. Why, he wouldn't have minded being punished himself if he deserved it; but, then, he never *did* deserve it.

It was Tom's step, then, that Maggie heard on the stairs, when her need of love had triumphed over her pride, and she was going down with her swollen eyes and dishevelled hair to beg for pity. At least her father would stroke her head and say, "Never mind, my wench." It is a wonderful subduer, this need of love, this hunger of the heart—as peremptory as that other hunger by which Nature forces us to submit to the yoke, and change the face of the world.

But she knew Tom's step, and her heart began to beat violently with the sudden shock of hope. He only stood still at the top of the stairs, and said, "Maggie, you're to come down." But she rushed to him and clung round his neck, sobbing, "Oh, Tom, please forgive me! I can't bear it. I will always be good—always remember things. Do love me—please, dear Tom!"

Maggie and Tom were still very much like young animals, and so she could rub her cheek against his, and kiss his ear in a random, sobbing way. And there were tender fibres in the lad that had been used to

answer to Maggie's fondling, so that he behaved with a weakness quite inconsistent with his resolution to punish her as much as she deserved ; he actually began to kiss her in return, and say :

"Don't cry, then, Magsie ; here, eat a bit o' cake."

Maggie's sobs began to subside, and she put out her mouth for the cake and bit a piece ; and then Tom bit a piece, just for company, and they ate together, and rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies.

"Come along, Magsie, and have tea," said Tom at last, when there was no more cake except what was downstairs.

So ended the sorrows of this day, and the next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing-rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always, by a peculiar gift, in the muddiest places, and looking darkly radiant from under her beaver-bonnet because Tom was good to her.

They were on their way to the Round Pool—that wonderful pool which the floods had made a long while ago. No one knew how deep it was ; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favourite spot always heightened Tom's good-humour, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket, and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water ; when Tom said, in a loud whisper,

"Look, look, Maggie ! and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away.

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual ; but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large tench bouncing on the grass.

Tom was excited.

"Oh, Magsie ! you little duck ! Empty the basket."

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit ; but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to mar her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dipping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her, but she liked fishing very much.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them. They would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays ; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming ; the great chestnut-tree under which they played at houses ; their own little river, the Ripple, where the banks seemed like home, and Tom was always seeing the water-rats, while Maggie gathered the purple plummy tops of the reeds, which she forgot and dropped afterwards ; above all, the great Floss, along which they wandered with a sense of travel, to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful Eagre, come up like a hungry monster, or to see the Great Ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man ; these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought

people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe ; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

Life did change for Tom and Maggie ; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives.

II. MAN AND WOMAN

Years passed, and unhappy circumstances parted Tom and Maggie ; for Tom was hard, and not ready to overlook faults. So they drifted apart ; but in Maggie's heart there always burned the flame of love for her brother. Then one night came a dreadful flood, when the river rose like a geyser, sweeping away even houses. Maggie, who was then living elsewhere, but who knew the perilous situation of the mill, launched a boat and set out to rescue her people.

SHE could hear shouts from the windows overlooking the river, as if the people there were calling to her. It was not till she had passed on nearly to Tofton that she could get the boat clear of the current. Then with one yearning look towards her Uncle Deane's house, that lay farther down the river, she took to both her oars and rowed with all her might across the watery fields, back towards the mill. Colour was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the Dorlcote fields she could discern the tints of the trees—could see the old Scotch firs far to the right, and the home chestnuts. Oh ! how deep they lay in the water—deeper than the trees on this side the hill. And the roof of the mill—where was it ? Those heavy fragments hurrying down the Ripple—what had they meant ? But it was not the house : the house stood firm—drowned up to the first story, but still firm ; or was it broken in at the end towards the mill ?

With panting joy that she was there at last—joy

that overcame all distress—Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound, she saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the upstairs windows. She called out in a loud, piercing voice :

“Tom, where are you ? Mother, where are you ? Here is Maggie ! ”

Soon, from the window of the attic in the central gable, she heard Tom's voice :

“Who is it ? Have you brought a boat ? ”

“It is I, Tom—Maggie. Where is mother ? ”

“She is not here ; she went to Garum the day before yesterday. I'll come down to the lower window.”

“Alone, Maggie ? ” said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the middle window on a level with the boat.

“Yes, Tom. God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly. Is there no one else ? ”

“No,” said Tom, stepping into the boat ; “I fear the man is drowned ; he was carried down the Ripple, I think, when part of the mill fell with the crash of trees and stones against it. I've shouted again and again, and there has been no answer. Give me the oars, Maggie.”

It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. They sat mutely gazing at each other—Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face ; Tom pale, with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent ; and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous, divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter—the old childish “Magsie ! ”

Maggie could make no answer but a long deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

As soon as she could speak she said, "We will go to Lucy, Tom; we'll go and see if she is safe, and then we can help the rest."

Tom rowed with untired vigour, and with a different speed from poor Maggie's. The boat was soon in the current of the river again, and soon they would be at Tofton.

"Park House stands high up out of the flood," said Maggie. "Perhaps they have got Lucy there."

Nothing else was said; a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge fragments were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of watery desolation was spread out in dreadful clearness around them; in dreadful clearness floated onwards the hurrying, threatening masses. A large company in a boat that was working its way along under the Tofton houses observed their danger, and shouted, "Get out of the current!"

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer seen upon the water, and the huge mass was hurrying on in hideous triumph.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted, living

through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. George Eliot had a great power in character-drawing. Even in this extract, the two children are revealed unmistakably. Give a sketch of Tom's character.
2. Maggie was often called "a naughty girl." What do you think of her?
3. Why was their fishing expedition one of their happy mornings?
4. What shows that Maggie had great and unexpected elements of heroism?
5. The closing scene, though sad, is very fine. Was it really a melancholy end for these two?
6. What do you think is the great idea running through these extracts?
7. Is there any similarity between this story and *Goblin Market*?
8. Read David's lament for Saul and Jonathan (2 Samuel, chap. i.), and the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians.

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Use the Dictionary to help you in writing simple explanations of: *Confidentially*, peremptory, resolution, integrity, perspicacity, reprieve, *inconsistent*, merit, yearning, mutely, *intense*, humiliation, *miraculous*.

2. What Nouns correspond to the words in italics in Question 1 ?

3. Tom and Maggie naturally used many words and phrases which are slang, or at any rate not words for writing in good English, *e.g.*, *stodgy*, *swopped*. Make a list, and opposite each give the word you would use in writing.

4. Speech always tends to be less correct than writing. Why is this ?

5. Explain by rewriting in your own words :

"Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things ; it was quite a different anger from her own."

"She laid her head against the worm-eaten shelf with a crushing sense of misery."

"It was a wonderful subduer, this need of love."

"They rubbed each other's cheeks and brows and noses together while they ate, with a humiliating resemblance to two friendly ponies."

6. Can you suggest any improvement in the English of the last sentence in Question 5 ?

7. Make a list of the Adverbs in the first extract and write the Adjective and Noun corresponding to each.

8. Write a summary of the second extract.

9. Analyse :

"She could hear shouts from the windows."

"A new danger was being carried towards them by the river."

"In dreadful clearness floated onwards the hurrying, threatening masses."

JOHN RIDD MEETS LORNA

— R. D. BLACKMORE —

John Ridd is the hero of R. D. Blackmore's fine novel, *Lorna Doone*, a story of the West Country in Charles II.'s days. In Doone Valley, out of which flowed the Bagworthy Water, dwelt the Doones, a band of dreaded outlaws. John Ridd's father, a prosperous farmer, was slain by them while John was at school. He thereupon returned to live with his mother at Plovers Barrows Farm. He was fourteen years old when the following incident happened, and on the particular day mentioned was seeking for loaches in the little river.

I

WHEN I had travelled two miles or so, conquered now and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there, because of the tumbling water; suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, as far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my knee-caps, a larger power of clean water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly, as if upon some set purpose.

Hereupon I drew up and thought, and reason was much inside me; because the water was bitter and cold, and my little toes were aching. So on the bank I rubbed them well with a sprout of young sting-nettle, and having skipped about awhile, was kindly inclined to eat a bit.

Now all the turn of all my life hung upon that moment. But as I sat there munching a crust of

Betty Muxworthy's sweet brown bread, and a bit of cold bacon along with it, and kicking my little red heels against the dry loam to keep them warm, I knew no more than fish under the fork what was going on over me.

It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches ; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture, where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy Water. And please to recollect that I was only a boy in those days, fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit arose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. And then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pit-a-patting, and I said to myself, " Now if father looks, he shall see that I obey him." So I put the bag round my back again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and, crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hang so dark on the Bagworthy River.

I found it strongly over-woven, turned, and torn with thicket-wood, but not so rocky as the Lynn, and more inclined to go evenly. There were bars of chafed stakes stretched from the sides half-way across the current, and light outriders of pithy weed, and blades of last year's water-grass trembling in the quiet places, like a spider's threads, on the transparent stillness, with a tint of olive moving it. And here and there the sun came in, as if his light was sifted, making dance upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles.

Here, although affrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had very comely

sport of loaches, trout, and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we called a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harbourage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of half a pound.

But in answer to all my shouts there never was any sound at all, except of a rocky echo, or a scared bird hustling away, or the sudden dive of a water-vole; and the place grew thicker and thicker, and the covert grew darker above me, until I thought that the fishes might have good chance of eating me, instead of my eating the fishes.

For now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hilltops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me.

And every moment as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and feared no depth of water, when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into this great pool, being so cramped and weary, and cold enough in all conscience, though wet only up to the middle, not counting my arms and shoulders. And the look of this black pit was enough

to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water ; I mean, if the sun ever shone there. As it was, I shuddered and drew back ; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round ; and the centre still as jet.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of.

For, lo ! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hindrance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black staircase. However, there was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog Watch sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing ; that I had long found out ; and it only made one the less inclined to work without white feather. So I laid the case before me in a little council ; not for loss of time, but only that I wanted rest, and to see things truly.

Then says I to myself, " John Ridd, these trees, and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a gruesome coward of thee. Shall I go

back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy ? ”

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame which settled my decision ; for indeed there was nearly as much of danger in going back as in going on, and perhaps even more of labour, the journey being so roundabout. But that which saved me from turning back was a strange inquisitive desire, very becoming in a boy of little years ; in a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

And here I had reckoned without my host, although (as I thought) so clever ; and it was much but that I went down into the great black pool, and had never been heard of more ; and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach-fork. For the green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie, and knock my head very sadly, which made it go round so that brains were no good, even if I had any. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way, with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the

rock, and I was borne up upon it. I felt nothing except that here was another matter to begin upon; and it might be worth while, or again it might not, to have another fight for it. But presently the dash of the water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it; and meseemed I had been worse off than this, when first flung into the Lowman.

Therefore I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed, stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin-bones, and coming along without sticking out to let the wave get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you." But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around till it drowned me.

For there was no chance of fetching back by the way I had gone down into it, and further up was a hedge of rock on either side of the waterway, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so, with a sigh of despair, began my course up the fearful torrent-way. To me it seemed half a mile at least of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterwards. It would have been a hard ascent even without the slippery slime and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever

winning the summit. Nevertheless, my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best with a vigour and sort of hardness which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant awhile. And gradually as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that pass before me, and to wonder what mother would say to it. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for awhile I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all of my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock-hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility. Now being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I laboured hard with both legs and arms, going like a mill and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came

over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck awhile with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last ; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so ; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought towards it ; then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it headlong.

II

WHEN I came to myself again, my hands were full of young grass and mould, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock-leaf and a handkerchief.

“ Oh, I am so glad,” she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her ; “ now you will try to be better, won’t you ? ”

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips, while there she knelt and gazed at me ; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. And then, my nature being slow, and perhaps, for that matter, heavy, I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair, as to my jaded gaze it seemed ; and where it fell on the turf, among it (like an early star) was the first primrose of the season. And since that day, I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, when I see an early primrose. Perhaps she liked my countenance, and indeed I know she did, because she said so afterwards ; although at the time she was too young to know what made her take to me. Not that I had any beauty, or ever pretended to have any, only a solid healthy face, which many girls have laughed at.

Thereupon I sate upright, with my little trident still in one hand, and was much afraid to speak to her, being conscious of my country-brogue, lest she should cease to like me. But she clapped her hands, and made a trifling dance around my back, and came to me on the other side, as if I were a great plaything.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here, and what are these wet things in this great bag?"

"You had better let them alone," I said; "they are loaches for my mother. But I will give you some, if you like."

"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet; and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please to let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please, my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name

alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless I could not help looking at her tenderly, and the more when her blushes turned into tears, and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I am sure you have never done any harm. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for mother ; only don't be angry with me."

She flung her little soft arms up in the passion of her tears, and looked at me so piteously, that what did I do but kiss her. It seemed to be a very odd thing, when I came to think of it, because I hated kissing so, as all honest boys must do.

But she touched my heart with a sudden delight, like a cowslip-blossom (although there were none to be seen yet), and the sweetest flowers of spring.

Now, seeing how I heeded her, and feeling that I had kissed her, although she was such a little girl, eight years old or thereabouts, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner, and began to watch the water, and rubbed one leg against the other.

I, for my part, being vexed at her behaviour to me, took up all my things to go, and made a fuss about it ; to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do ; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, and it looked as dark as pitch ; and so at the mouth I turned round again, and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered ; "why did you ever come here ? Do you know what they would do to us if they found you here with me ?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard ; or me, at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright, and bury

us here by the water ; and the water often tells me that I must come to that."

"But what should they kill me for ?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now, please to go ; oh, please to go. They will kill us both in a moment. Yes, I like you very much"—for I was teasing her to say it—"very much indeed, and I will call you John Ridd, if you like ; only please to go, John. And when your feet are well, you know, you can come and tell me how they are."

"But I tell you, Lorna, I like you very much indeed—nearly as much as Annie, and a great deal more than Lizzie. And I never saw any one like you ; and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you, to see me ; and I will bring you such lots of things ; there are apples still, and a thrush I caught with only one leg broken, and our dog has just had puppies——"

"Oh dear, they won't let me have a dog. There is not a dog in the valley. They say they are such noisy things——"

"Only put your hand in mine—what little things they are, Lorna ! And I will bring you the loveliest dog ; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush !" A shout came down the valley ; and all my heart was trembling, like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was altered from pleasant play to terror. She shrank to me, and looked up at me, with such a power of weakness, that I at once made up my mind to save her or to die with her. A tingle went through all my bones, and I only longed for my carbine. The little girl took courage from me, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down to the waterfall. I can carry you easily ; and mother will take care of you."

"No, no," she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. They are only looking for me. You see that hole, that hole there?"

She pointed to the little niche in the rock which verged the meadow, about fifty yards away from us. In the fading of the twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told it. Oh, here they come, I can see them."

The little maid turned as white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and she cried, "Oh dear! oh dear!" And then she began to sob aloud, being so young and unready. But I drew her behind the withy-bushes, and close down to the water, where it was quiet and shelving deep, ere it came to the lip of the chasm. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us, even when they came quite near, if the trees had been clad with their summer clothes. Luckily I had picked up my fish and taken my three-pronged fork away.

Crouching in that hollow nest, as children get together in ever so little compass, I saw a dozen fierce men come down, on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms, but looking lax and jovial, as if they were come from riding and a dinner taken hungrily. "Queen, queen!" they were shouting, here and there, and now and then: "where the pest is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered to me, with her soft cheek on my rough one, and her little heart beating against me: "Oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there. But how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it, sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now, mind you never come again," she whispered over her shoulder, as she crept away with a childish twist, hiding her white front from me; "only I shall come sometimes—oh, here they are, Madonna!"

Daring scarce to peep, I crept into the water, and lay down bodily in it, with my head between two blocks of stone, and some flood-drift combing over me. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river; but I, being in the channel of it, could see every ripple, and twig, and rush, and glazing of twilight above it, as bright as in a picture; so that to my ignorance there seemed no chance at all but what the men must find me. For all this time they were shouting, and swearing, and keeping such a hullabaloo, that the rocks all round the valley rang, and my heart quaked, so (what with this and the cold) that the water began to gurgle round me, and to lap upon the pebbles.

Neither in truth did I try to stop it, being now so desperate between the fear and the wretchedness; till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, whose beauty and whose kindness had made me yearn to be with her. And then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty yards from me, feigning to be fast asleep, with her dress spread beautifully, and her hair drawn over her.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her; and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and her innocence. Then he

caught her up in his arms, and kissed her so that I heard him ; and if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.

“ Here our queen is ! Here’s the queen, here’s the captain’s daughter ! ” he shouted to his comrades ; “ fast asleep and hearty ! Now I have first claim to her ; and no one else shall touch the child. Back to the bottle, all of you ! ”

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand ; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard, and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind, behind her. This way of her going vexed me so, that I leaped upright in the water, and must have been spied by some of them but for their haste to the wine-bottle.

Of their little queen they took small notice, being in this urgency ; although they had thought to find her drowned ; but trooped away after one another with kindly challenge to gambling, so far as I could make them out ; and I kept sharp watch, I assure you.

Going up that darkened glen, little Lorna, riding still the largest and most fierce of them, turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear (though tall of her age and healthy) ; and when I got over my thriftless fright, I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice to me was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell intoned to the small chords of a harp. But I had no time to think about this, if I hoped to have any supper.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs on bark, and longed for mother’s faggot. Then as daylight sank below the forget-me-not of stars,

with a sorrow to be quit, I knew that now must be my time to get away, if there were any.

Therefore, wringing my sodden breeches, I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me.

John reached home safely. Years afterwards, he again ventured into the valley and met Lorna, and they became lovers. In the depth of a bitter winter, he rescued her from deadly peril in the valley, and brought her to Plovers Barrows Farm, and it is interesting to note that he brought her out by the same dangerous path that he travelled when first entering the valley.

◆ COMMENT AND EXERCISES ◆

Section I

AIDS TO LITERARY APPRECIATION

1. Say what you can about the book from which this extract is taken, the author, and his style.
2. The interesting scene given here is but the beginning of a lifelong love between John and Lorna. On this occasion they did not feel that they loved each other. Why was this ?
3. What made John resolve to explore the dark stream ?
4. Describe from memory the water-slide. Then compare your account with the original.
5. Which was the most thrilling of all the incidents related here ?
6. Notice the wonderful descriptions of rural scenes to be found in *Lorna Doone*. Which examples occur in this extract ?
7. Select the one you consider the finest, and with this as a model describe a somewhat similar scene you know.

8. John did not tell anyone of this adventure. Suppose he had told his mother : write their conversation.

9. We have here John's picture of Lorna. Write her account of John.

10. "*And if I had only brought my gun, I would have tried to shoot him.*" Why did John say this ?

11. What shows that John was strong and courageous ?

12. He says he was "*thick in the skull.*" Do you think this was so ?

13. Was he as quick-witted as Lorna ?

Section II

LINGUISTIC AND GRAMMATICAL STUDIES

1. Write in order, numbering them, headings showing John's adventures after entering the Bagworthy stream.

2. Using this, write a summary of his experiences.

3. Write briefly a summary of John's talk with Lorna.

4. What is meant by " tickling " trout ?

5. There are some excellent Similes in this extract. Make a list.

6. There are certain phrases which give an old-time air to the writing ; *e.g.*, " I was *kindly* inclined to eat a little." Find other examples.

7. Some of the paragraphs have excellent *contrasts*, *e.g.*, " He set her *dainty little* form upon his *great square* shoulder, and her *narrow* feet in one *broad* hand."

Search out other examples, and copy them out.

8. Write Synonyms for : *Friction, frightfully, forcible, chafed, affrighted, shuddered, marvel, fearless, sodden, inquisitive, shunning, revived, dismay, despair, jeopardy, disabled, acknowledge.*

RECESSIONAL

— RUDYARD KIPLING —

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

◆ COMMENT ◆

You need not attempt to answer any questions on this poem. But notice its dignity, and look up the allusions, such as "*Nineveh and Tyre.*" You may not fully understand its meaning now, but you will in days to come. Learn it by heart.

FROM THE LIBRARY

W. W. JACOBS	. <i>Many Cargoes.</i>
"	. <i>Light Freights.</i>
"	. <i>Short Cruises.</i>
"	. <i>Captains All.</i>
"	. <i>The Skipper's Wooing</i>
SIR W. SCOTT	. <i>The Talisman.</i>
"	. <i>Ivanhoe.</i>
"	. <i>Quentin Durward.</i>
"	. <i>Rob Roy.</i>
"	. <i>The Fair Maid of Perth.</i>
MRS. GASKELL	. <i>Cranford.</i>
SIR A. CONAN DOYLE	<i>Collected Poems.</i>
GILBERT WHITE	. <i>The Natural History of Selborne.</i>
JOHN BUNYAN	. <i>The Pilgrim's Progress.</i>
"	. <i>The Holy War.</i>
LORD MACAULAY	. <i>Essay on Bunyan.</i>
CAPTAIN MARRYAT	. <i>Mr. Midshipman Easy.</i>
"	. <i>Peter Simple.</i>
"	. <i>The King's Own.</i>
L. M. ALCOTT	. <i>Good Wives.</i>
"	. <i>Little Men.</i>
A. FROUDE	. <i>English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century</i>
A. OLLIVANT	. <i>Owd Bob.</i>

[See also page 288.]

FROM THE LIBRARY

(continued)

CHARLES DICKENS	.	<i>Pickwick Papers.</i>
R. L. STEVENSON	.	<i>Travels with a Donkey.</i>
"	.	<i>Across the Plains.</i>
W. H. HUDSON	.	<i>Birds in a Village.</i>
"	.	<i>Far Away and Long Ago.</i>
"	.	<i>Nature in Downland.</i>
"	.	<i>A Traveller in Little Things.</i>
"	.	<i>Hampshire Days.</i>
CHARLES READE	.	<i>The Cloister and the Hearth.</i>
"	.	<i>It is Never Too Late to Mend.</i>
H. W. LONGFELLOW	.	<i>Poems.</i>
WASHINGTON IRVING	.	<i>The Sketch Book.</i>
RICHARD JEFFERIES	.	<i>Bevis.</i>
"	.	<i>The Open Air.</i>
GEORGE ELIOT	.	<i>The Mill on the Floss.</i>
"	.	<i>Silas Marner.</i>
R. D. BLACKMORE	.	<i>Lorna Doone.</i>
"	.	<i>Slain by the Doones.</i>
MARY R. MITFORD	.	<i>Our Village.</i>
C. G. D. ROBERTS	.	<i>Kindred of the Wild.</i>
"	.	<i>More Kindred of the Wild.</i>
"	.	<i>The Feet of the Furtive.</i>
"	.	<i>Watchers of the Trails.</i>



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